RAVELINGS

1926

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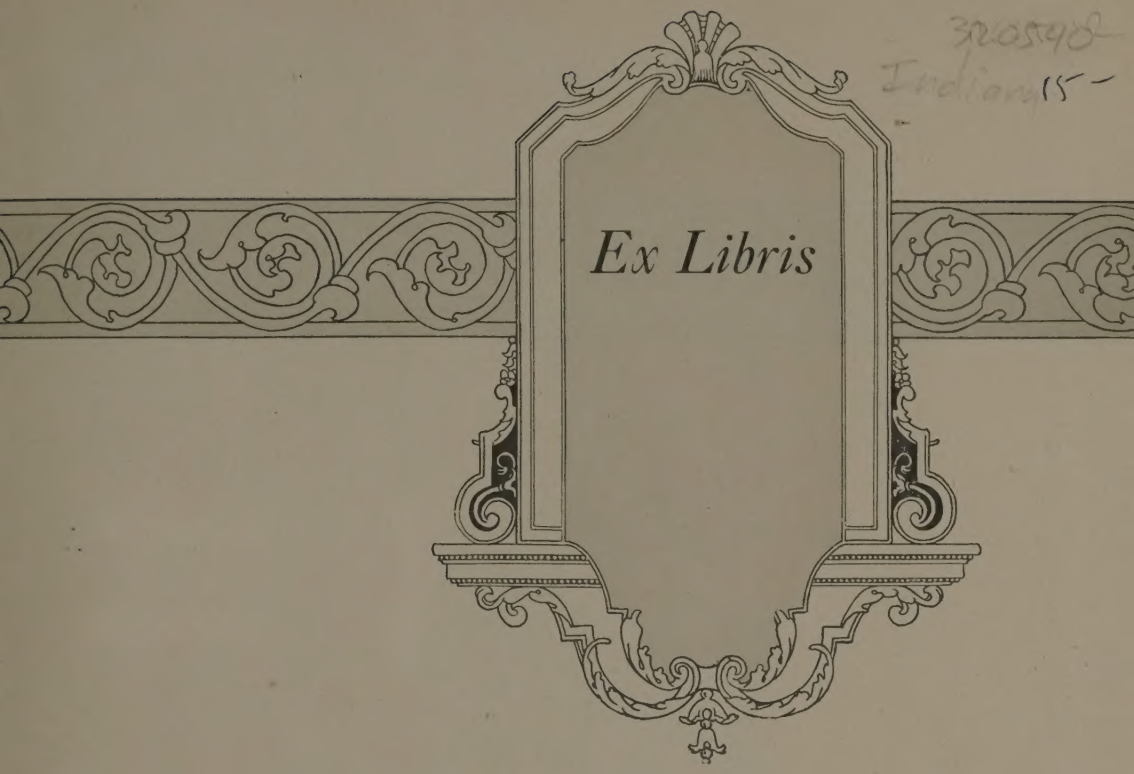


THE
SENIOR CLASS
PRESENTS
THE
RAVELINGS
1926

FOREWORD

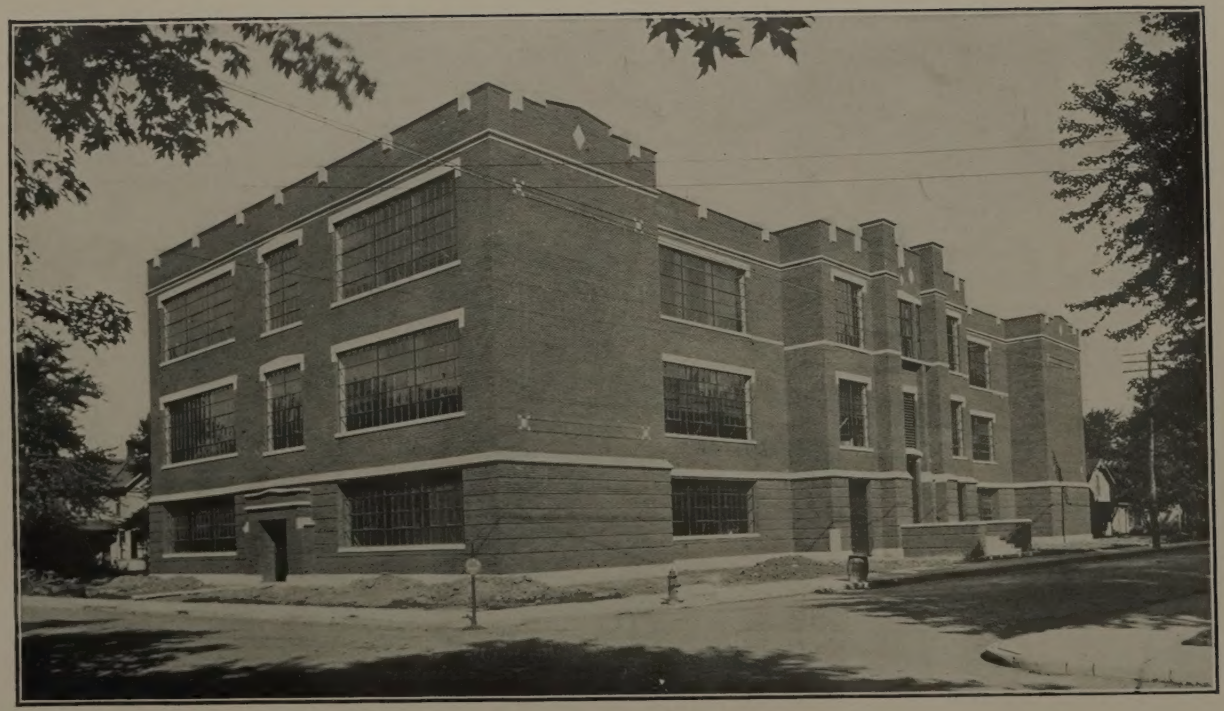
Through the medium of honest effort and well meaning endeavor, this book has reached its present form. Our hope is that this Annual will truly reflect all that is good and worthy in D. H. S. traditional days.

If, when the last page is turned and this book closed, those interested in D. H. S. feel a measure of satisfaction with this resume, our cherished reward will have been obtained and our highest hope realized.

DEDICATION

BLANCHE McCRORY,

To Miss Blanche McCrory, our most loyal friend, as well as teacher, whose life and work here has contributed much to the success of the Senior Class of 1926 and of the Ravelings, we, the Senior Class of 1926, dedicate this volume of "The Ravelings."



OUR ALMA MATER

MAIN ENTRANCE

GYMNASIUM

STAGE

MOTTO . Character is the Only True Diploma.
CLASS FLOWER . . . . Lily of the Valley.
CLASS COLORS . . . Light Blue and Silver

ADMINISTRATION

SCHOOL BOARD

BURT MANGOLD,
President.

M. E. HOWER,
Secretary.

MRS. CARRIE T. HAUBOLD,
Treasurer.

M. F. WORTHMAN,
Superintendent.

Class of 1926:—

By hard conscientious study you have earned your diploma. Please accept my congratulations. As you are stepping out of Decatur High School into Life's School please prove unto yourself all things. If you render real service unto society and yourself, success will surely crown you.

M. F. WORTHMAN.

WALTER J. KRICK,
Principal.

Dear Class of 1926:—

As you leave school life, please step with a firm determination into life's work to make it worth while. Whatever your chosen occupations may be, meet them with a determination to win and do not forget there is no substitute for long hours of hard work. I bid you farewell with the assurance that you are better fitted to accomplish life's task and may success be with you.

WALTER J. KRICK.

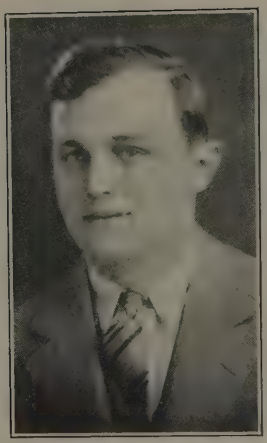
BLANCHE McCRORY,
Commercial Subjects.

JOSEPHINE MYERS,
History and English.

CATHERINE MARTIN,
Art.

MAUDE ANDERSON,
English.

E. HOWARD MARSHALL
Coach, Science, and Mathematics



MAURICE KENNEDY
Coach and Physical Training Director

SIGARD ANDERSON
Commercial Subjects

RALPH TYNDALL
History and Economics

RUTH COOK
Music

KATHERINE KOCHER
Mathematics

MARJORIE MAY
Chemistry and Mathematics

HELEN STEPHENSON
Coach and Physical Training.

RUTH FRISINGER,
Domestic Science.

FLORINE MICHAUD,
Latin and French.

FLOYD GIBSON
Manual Training

VERNEAL WHALEN,
Public Speaking and German
Staff Adviser.

ANGIE FIRKS.
Office Assistant.

CLASSES

SENIORS

Evangeline Sparr
Robert Macklin

Faye Krugh

Ireta Fisher
Melvin Thomas

EVANGELINE SPAHR

"In quietness and wisdom shall be your strength."

Girls' Glee Club '25. 'Bulbul," '25. A. A. '26. Latin Club '26. Ravelings Staff '26. Commercial Contest '24.

IRETA FISHER

Studious, energetic, persistent, and true,
She has been, she will be, all the years through."

Assistant Editor of Ravelings '26. Girls' Glee Club '25, '26. Girls' Quartette '25, '26. 'Bulbul," '25. Vice-President Girls' Glee Club '26. Music Contest '25, '26. A. A. '26. Commercial Contest '25, '26. Latin Contest '24.

ROBERT MACKLIN

"He's in for fun,
He's in for larks,
But still to duty's call he harks."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Class President '24, '25, '26. Football '26. Commercial Club '26. 'The Great Chicken Case" '26. "The Full House" '25. "The Arrival of Kitty," '26. Ravelings Staff '25. Ravelings Business Mgr. '26.

MELVIN THOMAS

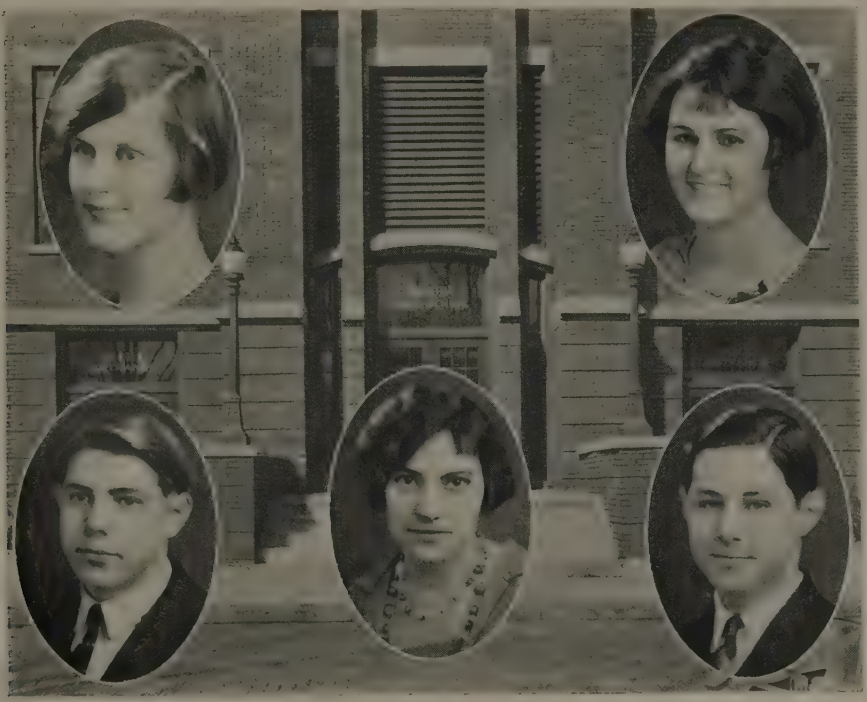
"His greatest ambition,
We are proved to state;
Is simply this, to graduate."

Miller City H. S., '22. Basketball '25, '26. Baseball '25, '26. Public Speaking Club '26. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Football '26. Commercial Club '26. "The Arrival of Kitty," '26.

FAYE KRUGH

"It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends."

Junior Class Treasurer '25. A. A. '24, '25, '26. Girls' Glee Club '26. Latin Club '26. Commercial Club '26. Junior Class Play '25.



Helen Farr
Dick Bogner

Ethel Emerick

Katherine Nichols
Doyle Johnson

HELEN FARR

"Earnestness and sport go well together."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '24, '25, '26. President Com. Club '26. Latin Club '24, '25, '26. Pep Champs '23. "The Arrival of Kitty," '26. Varsity Basketball '23, '24, '25, '26. Ravelings Staff '26.

RICHARD BOGNER

"And all may do what has by men been done."

Vice-President Senior Class '26. Assistant Business Manager Ravelings '26. A. A. '23, '24, '26, '26. Baseball Captain '26. Baseball '25, '26. Glee Club '25. Operetta "Bulbul," '25.

KATHERINE NICHOLS

"I love but one; I can love no other—just now."

Pep Champs '23. Glee Club '23, '26. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Basketball '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. Secretary of A. A. '26. "Great Chicken Case" '26. Senior Class Play '26. D. H. S. '26.

DOYLE JOHNSON

"Where he falls short, 'tis nature's fault alone,
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. "A Full House" '25. "The Arrival of Kitty," '26. "The Fire Prince," '23. Boys' Glee Club '24, '26. Commercial Club '26. Ravelings Staff '26. Class Custodian '24. Public Speaking Club '26. Junior Class Team '25.

ETHEL EMERICK

"She always knows what she is talking about."

M. H. S. '21, '22. Glee Club '26. A. A. '26. D. H. S. '23, '25, '26. First Noon Basketball Team '26. Public Speaking Club '26.

Mary Hill
Herald Owens

Gretchen Kocher

Mable Staley
Frances Ellsworth

MARY HILL

"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Monmouth H. S. '23, '24, '25. M. H. S. Yell Leader '25. A. A. '26.

MABLE STALEY

"She does her part with cheerful heart and turns her work to play."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '24, '25, '26. Glee Club '24, '25. Vice-President Com. Club '26. Operetta 'Bulbul" '25. Pep Champs '24. Junior Class Play '25. Junior Class B. B. team '25.

HAROLD OWENS

"Life is what we make it."

"A Full House." '25. Track '24, '25. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26.

FRANCIS ELLSWORTH

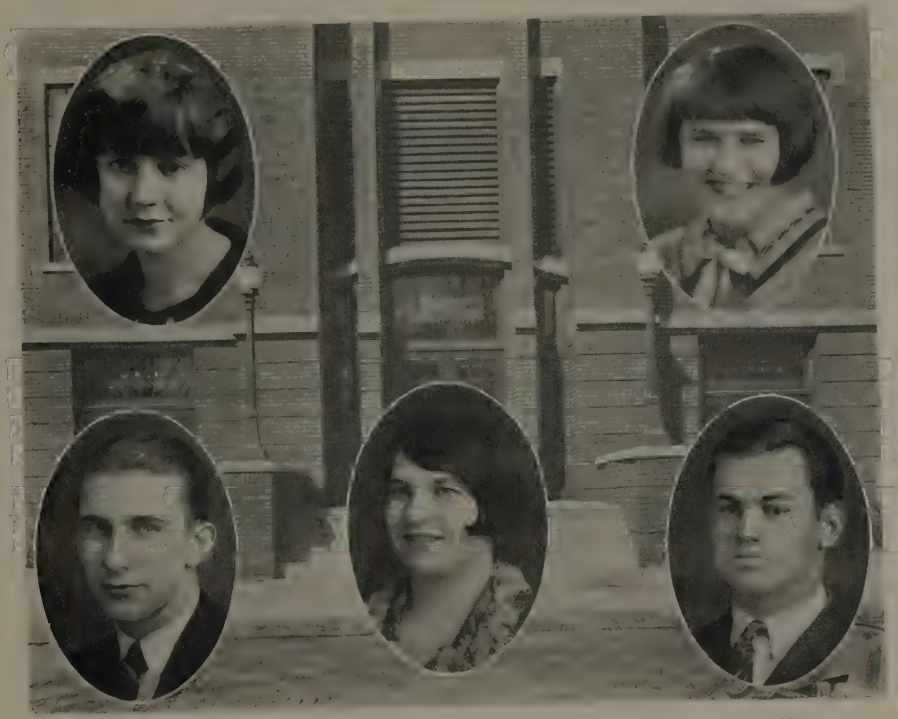
"Keep good company and you'll be great."

Boys' Glee Club '24, '25. Orchestra '24, '25. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Latin Club '24, '25.

GRETCHEN KOCHER

"My best is none too good."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Junior Class Play '25. Senior Class Play '26. Commercial Club '25, '26. Latin Club '24, '25, '26. Basketball '24, '25. Class Secretary '23.



Bertha Baughman
Roscoe Bockman

Monai Butler

Lela Reffey
Harry Heuer

BERTHA BAUGHMAN

"A kinder hearted girl was never known."

Girls' Glee Club '26. A. A. '25, '26. Commercial Contest '25. Pep Champs '25.

ROSCOE BOCKMAN

"For even though vanquished, he can argue still."

Berne H. S. '22, '23. Howe, Michigan Academy '24. Gainesville, Fla., H. S. '24. University of Fla., '25. D. H. S. '26. Vice-President Glee Club '26. Football Trainer '26. Baseball '26. Commercial Club '26. Public Speaking '26. A. A. '26.

LELA REFFEY

"Above our life we love a steadfast and faithful friend."

Pep Champs '23. A. A. '24, '25, '26. Public Speaking Club '26.

HARRY HEUER

"He has a good line—in drawing."

Commercial Club '26. Public Speaking Club '26. Glee Club '25, '26. Glee Club President '26. A. A. '26. Junior Class Play '25. Operetta "Bulbul" '25. Cartoonist '26. Track '25, '26.

MONAI BUTLER

"Classes take up so much time that might be used to better advantage."

Commercial Club '24, '25, '26. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Editor of Ravelings '26. Pep Champs '24. Glee Club '25. Operetta "Bulbul," '25. Orchestra '24, '25. Pianist for Quartette, '25. Commercial Contest '25.

Margaret Moore
Robert Zwick

Mary Noll

Edna Haugh
Robert Strickler

MARGARET MOORE

"The mildest manner and the gentlest heart."

Rushville H. S. '24. Dunkirk H. S. '25. Decatur H. S. '26. Girls' Glee Club '26. Commercial Club '26. A. A. '26.

EDNA HAUGH

"Where love and mirth and friendship twine,
Their varied gifts, I offer mine."

A. A. '26, '26. Girls' Glee Club '25. Latin Club '25, '26. President Latin Club '26. Commercial Club '26. Public Speaking Club '26. Commercial Contest '25. Latin Contest '26.

ROBERT ZWICK

"The man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When everything goes wrong."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Boys' Glee Club '24, '25. Commercial Club '26. Junior Class Play '25. Senior Class Play '26. "Bulbul," '25. Basketball '25, '26. Football '25, '26.

ROBERT STRICKLER

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to contrive, and a hand to execute—any mischief."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. President A. A. '26. Varsity Baseball '23, '24, '25. Varsity Baseball '23, '24, '25. Varsity Basketball '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. Ravelings Staff '26.

MARY NOLL

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Girls' Glee Club '23, '26. A. A. '23, '24, '26. Commercial Club '26.

Doris Peters
Hubert Myers

Ruth Johnson

Heretta Elzey
Audley Moser

DORIS R. PETERS

"Work is done well, only when it is done with a way."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Latin Contest '23. Cantata '24. Orchestra '24, '25, '26. Secretary of Orchestra '24, '25. Glee Club '25, '26. Operetta "Bulbul," '25. Girls' Quartette '25. Latin Club '24, '25. Junior Class Play '25. Commercial Contest '26. Violin Contest '25. Literary-Musical Contest '26. Public Speaking Club '26.

HERRETTA ELZEY

"Hang sorrow, care will kill a cat, and therefore let's be merry."

Commercial Club '25, '26. A. A. '25, '26. "A Full House," '25. Public Speaking Club '26.

HUBERT MEYERS

"There is great ability in knowing how to show one's ability."

Track '23, '24, '25. Glee Club '23, '24. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Football '25, '26.

AUDLEY MOSER

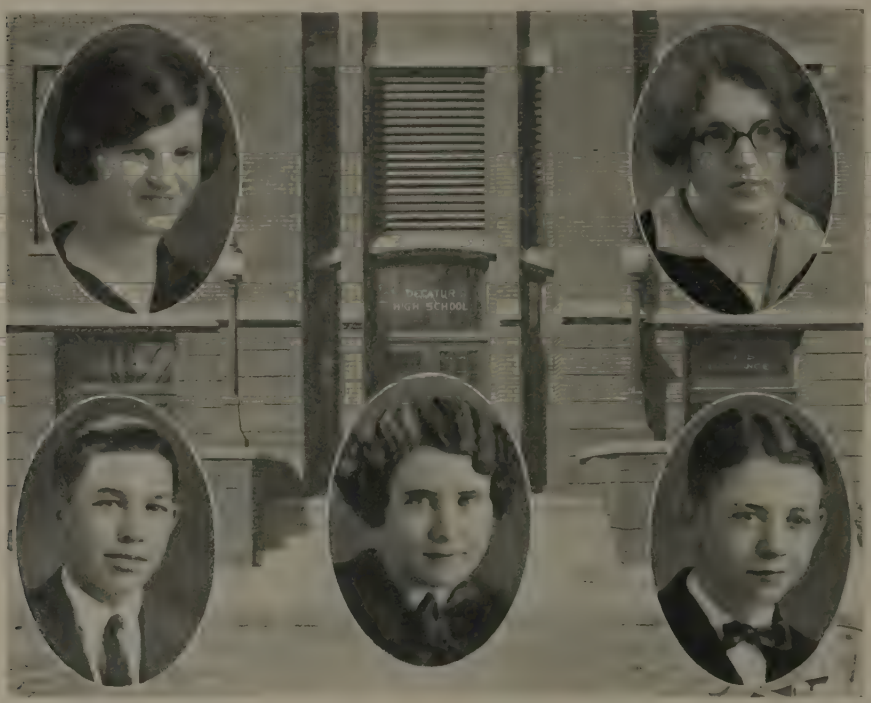
"So absolute in himself, and in himself complete."

Basketball '25, '26. Football '25. Baseball '24, '25, '26. Class Treasurer '24. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26.

RUTH JOHNSON

"A sunny disposition is a soul success."

Girls' Glee Club '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. Junior Class Reporter '25. A. A. '26. Noon Girls' B. B. Team '23, '24, '25, '26. "Bulbul," '25. Secretary Senior Class '26.



Winoma Everett
John Johnson

Erma Gage

Josephine Anderson
Don Le Brun

WINOMA EVERETT

"Principle is ever my motto; not expediency."

Wren High School '23. A. A. '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '26.

JOSEPHINE ANDERSON

"Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them."

A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Secertary of Class '24, '25. Girls' Glee Club '24, '26. President Glee Club '26. Secretary of Glee Club '24. Music Contest '24, '25, '26. Latin Club '25. Girls' Quartette '26. Pep Champs '23, '24. Captain Class Team '25. Public Speaking Club '26.

JOHN JOHNSON

"Behind me lies the past,
Before me, the future."

A. A. '26. Commercial Club '26. Commercial Contest '26.

DONALD LE BRUN

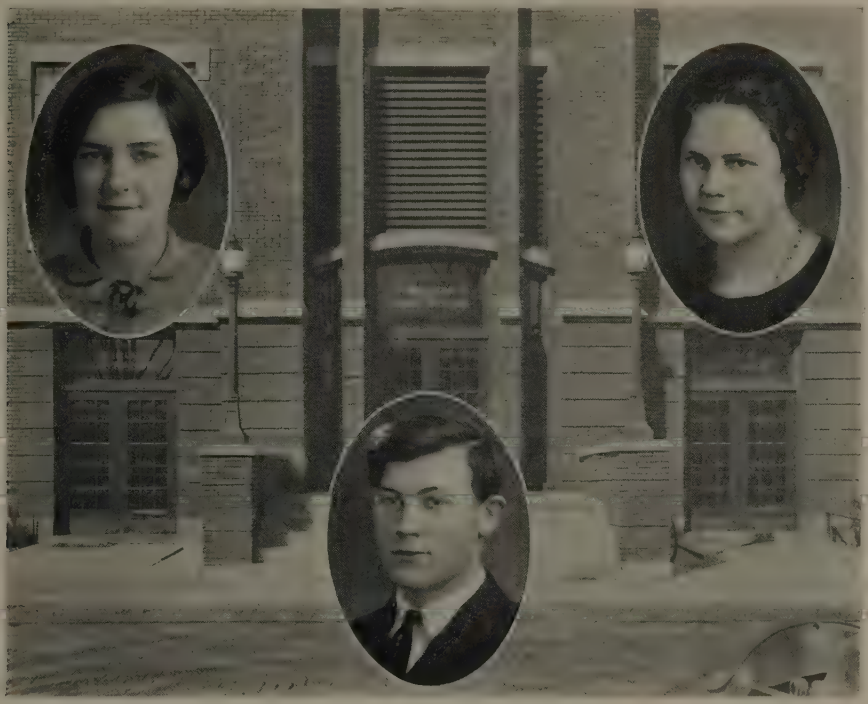
"What I have learned, I have forgotten; What I know, I have guessed at."

Football '24, '25, '26. Class Basketball '23, '24, '25. Howling Host '23. A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. A. A. Vice-President '25. Class Custodian '26. Ravelings Staff '26. Class Treasurer '26. "A Full House," '25. "The Arrival of Kitty," '26. Boys' Glee Club '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. Latin Club '25, '26.

ERMA GAGE

"Cheerful company shortens the miles."

Monmouth H. S. '23. D. H. S. '24, '25, '26. Orchestra '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. A. A. '25, '26.



Eleanore Pumphrey

Herald Martin

Viola Gilbert

ELEANOR PUMPHREY

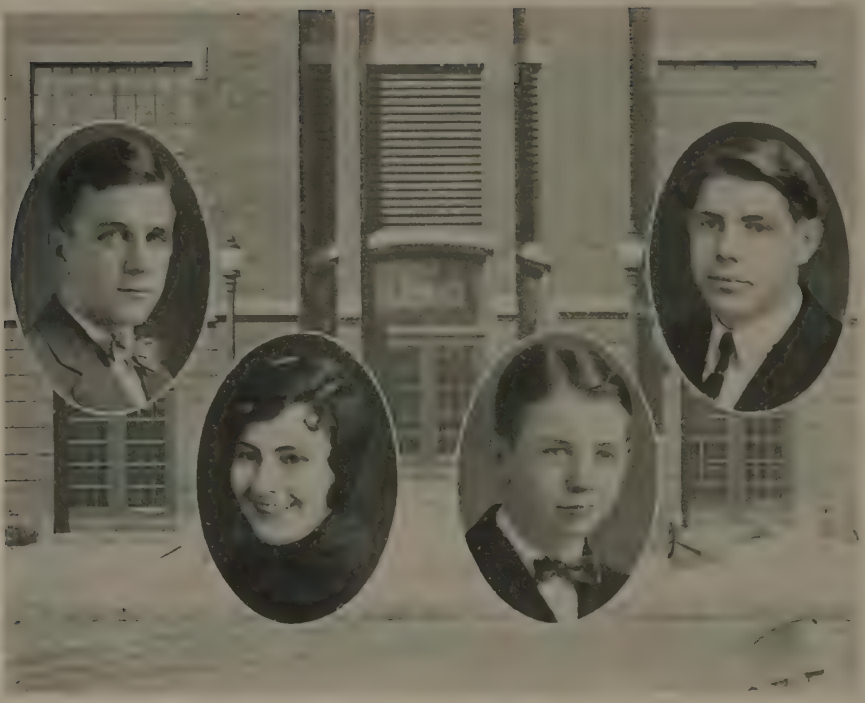
"Let the world slide, let the world go by; a fig for care, a fig for woe."
A. A. '23, '24, '25, '26. Glee Club '24. Pep Champs '24. Latin Club '24, '25, '26. Commercial Club '26. Junior Class Play '25. Senior Class Play '26. Ravelings Staff '26. Varsity B. B. '24, '25, '26. Captain B. B. '26.

VIOLA GILBERT

'By doing good we profit, and by profit we live."
Commercial Club '23, '24. Girls' Glee Club '25, '26.

HAROLD MARTIN

"Humorous and a friend to all."
Glee Club '26. A. A. '23, '25, '26.



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Robert Macklin, President — Richard Bogner, Vice-President
Ruth Johnson, Secretary — Don Le Brun, Treasurer

SENIOR CLASS HISTORY

Having begun September 13, 1922, we, the Senior Class have now completed the four chapters of our career in Decatur High School. Now those four chapters are going to be related to you.

CHAPTER I.

September 13, 1922, the Decatur High School was highly honored. Why? On that memorable day, just forty-one pupils enrolled as "greenman"———No, Freshman. Possibly it looked like St. Patricks Day to the upper classmen, but the teachers we are sure had hopes. After a certain length of time the Freshmen were given their chance for a class meeting, and the following officers were chosen to head our most brilliant class: President, Walter Baker; vice-president, Clarice Andrews; secretary,

Gretchen Kocher; treasurer, Lloyd Beal; yell leader, Glenn Martin; custodian, Wayne Peterson, and guardian, Mr. Floyd Gibson.

Blue and Silver were chosen for class colors, and have been retained throughout our career.

Martha Titus proved a very efficient entertainer and hostess for us at her home for the first semester party. We had our second semester party at the old gym. The Sophomores condesended to join us at a picnic on the last day of school, and we enjoyed ourselves at the home of Jo Anderson.

Thus the days slipped by, and the first chapter ended.

CHAPTER II.

Since we have proved that we were entirely to brilliant to be called Freshmen any longer, we were given the name of Sophomores for our title, and we thankfully accepted. After the usual rush at the beginning of every school year, we, the Sophomores, assembled and elected as our leaders: President, Robert Throp; vice-president, Robert Macklin; secretary, Jo Anderson; treasurer, Audley Moser; yell leader, Mary Jo Yonk; custodian, Don LeBrun, and Mr. Gibson was re-elected as our guardian.

Our two parties was held at the home of Doris Peters and Jo Anderson during our Sophomore year.

CHAPTER III.

September 5, 1924, we joined the ranks of the upper classmen and obtained the name of Juniors.

On the evening of September 28th, the Juniors assembled and elected the following officers: President, Robert Macklin; vice-president, Lloyd Beal; secretary, Jo Anderson; treasurer, Faye Krugh; custodian, Doyle Johnson, and guardian, Miss Josephine Myers.

Jo Anderson again proved our "loyal hostess."

Then, of course, being Juniors, we presented the play entitled "A Full House" on April 16th and 17th, and proved to a great success.

Before ending this third chapter, we hope that the Seniors of 1925 enjoyed the reception given in their honor.

CHAPTER IV.

On September 4, 1925, after losing some of our members, there were thirty-eight left, and we entered D. H. S. as very dignified Seniors. We waited on no one, and held a meeting at once and the following officers were elected: President, Robert Macklin; vice-president, Richard Bogner; secretary, Ruth Johnson; treasurer, Don LeBrun, and guardian, Miss Blanche McCrory.

A big event of our senior year was the dance which proved a great success. Another point for our side was our Senior Class Play entitled "The Arrival of Kitty." Certainly every one will agree with us that our play was a great success.

We have had several parties this year; namely, at the home of Edna Haugh, the Hig School, the Junior-Senior Class Party, at the home of Faye Krugh, and a wiener bake at the home of Erma Gage.

We will leave D. H. S. on May 28, 1926, and we hope that the high school will be honored with more classes like ours. And when looking back over the pages of the "Ravelings" remember that although our class is small it is "mighty."

SENIOR CLASS WILL

I, Josephine Anderson, will my ability to sing to "Blondie" Elzey. However, I want Hank for myself.

I, Bertha Baughman, will part of my lovable disposition to Mary Katheryn Schug. Be kind to it, "Schuggie," because it's valuable.

I, Roscoe Bockman, will my knowledge of commercial law to "Brick" Tyndall,—also my ability to arrive at school on time to Dick Stoneburner.

I, Richard Bogner, will Mary Jane Fritzinger to Dick Engle.

I, Monai Butler, will and bequeath my studiousness to Evan Kek because I'm afraid he needs it.

I, Francis Ellsworth, will my ability to dance to Harry Dailey, but I can't part with my Ford.

I, Herretta Elzey, will my position on the basketball team to my sister Blondie, if she keeps up my standard.

I, Ethel Emerick, will not will anything, as I want all I have for future use.

I, Winoma Everett, will my ability to always have my lessons to Harriet Wallace —now, Hattie, don't share this with Vere Welker.

I, Helen Farr, will my ability as a star forward to Jerry Andrews but I will not give Leo to any one.

I, Ireta Fisher, will not will my perpetual smile, which I was bequeathed by Harry Sutton, to any one.

I, Erma Gage, will my ability to talk constantly to any one who needs it.

I, Viola Gilbert, will my long hair to any bob-haired doll.

I, Edna Haugk, will my ability to get Latin to any student that flunks three times in Caesar. But with my fellow from Pleasant Mills, I can never part.

I, Harry Heuer, will my ability as an artist to Eddie Anderson.

I, Mary Hill, will my quietness to Helen Dorwin.

I, Doyle Johnson, will with reluctance my self-importance to Billy Bell, as I find it doesn't work out of high school.

I, John Johnson, will my vivaciousness to "Bus" Suttles.

I, Ruth Johnson, will my ability to write short stories to "Red" Acker (he needs it.)

I, Gretchen Kocher, do will and bequeath my musical ability to yodel to "Sammy" Green.

I, Faye Krugh, will my sunny disposition to the various teachers, so they will have patience with the poor, blundering, suffering students.

I, Don LeBrun, will my lady friends to Chet Reynolds as I think Chet needs them worse than I.

I, Robert Macklin, will, bequeath, thrust upon, and otherwise give away my position as business manager to Bob Frisinger, may your soul be at peace when you graduate. I also will my hobby horse to Bob Passwater.

I, Margaret Moore, will my ability to do the Charleston to "Red" Kocher.

I, Harold Martin, will my beloved mustache to Whitey Covault as his efforts have been in vain.

I, Audley Moser, will my position as backguard to anyone that can hold down the job. I also give my ability as a speaker to any Junior taking public speaking next year.

I, Hubert Myers, will my good fortune to graduate without coming to school to Chet Reynolds.

I, Catherine Nichols, bequeath my many different dates in high school to Agnes Johnson.

I, Mary Noll, will my giggle to my sister as long as she uses it carefully.

I, Harold Owens, will my curls to Bob Cole. Mildred thinks Bob would be so good looking with curls.

I, Doris Peters, finding that I need all my talents, do will and bequeath my marvelous complexion to Charlotte Kudart. (She knows where I keep it.)

I, Eleanor Pumphrey, will and bequeath my ability as an actress to Gretchen Schafer, and my ability at shooting baskets to any person who is worthy of the position.

I, Lela Reffy, will my sweet disposition to Margaret Frisinger and my timidness to Ruth Engle.

I, Evangeline Spahr, will my ability as a man-hater to Betty Erwin.

I, Mable Staley, will my lovely curly hair to "Charley" Kudart and my right to receive letters from Indianapolis to any person wishing it.

I, Robert Strickler, will my ability as a basketball player to "Doc" Somers—he thinks he surely needs some help.

I, Melvin Thomas, will and bequeath my "slow motion" step to Joe Krick.

I, Robert Zwick, will my bashfulness to my brother "Porky" although he thinks he has enough for himself.

SENIOR CLASS PROPHESY

I, Monseiur Don da LaBrun, had just had a call from New York to take a troupe of French actors and actresses and put on our famous play of "Lave (leave) dat Chicken and His Coupe for My Areoplane," when I suddenly felt a longing for my dear old class in D. H. S. "Ah, I have it," said I aloud, "I shall take my microscope and stand on the wing of the airplane, and I then can see all of my old classmates as they brisk to and fro in their business.'

Arriving in America I took my glasses from my side and rushed out on the wing and, discerning two specks below, I looked closer and recognized them to be Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Johnson feeding peanuts to the monkeys in Kalama's Zoo. I couldn't quite figure who his wife in the little blue bonnet was, but after watching her mouth I immediately knew it to be no one else but Eleanor Pumphrey (Johnson). Eleanor and Doyle had started out as the "Fastest Talkers and Walkers in the World" but Rev. Hubert Myers and his wife, formerly Jo Anderson, had overpowered them so far that they were content with being the monkey feeders.

Although I couldn't help but gaze upon poor Doyle with tears in my eyes, we flew on. I saw another object below, and upon looking, I saw Ireta Fisher smiling up at me and then I saw that she was in a music wagon and was beckoning for me to listen. I rushed and shut off the motor and motioned for her to begin. Then I saw the doors of the wagon open and of———could it be? Yes, it was Audley Moser at the piano pounding away for dear life. Four people came out on the stage. Whoo! They were Bertha Baughman, Ireta Fisher, Melvin Thomas, and Robert Strickler. They sang:

When you are struting with your cane
Think of us when we are lame,
And of our school days we'll ne'er forget
Because you were the teacher's pet.
Your eyes are of the azure blue
Your hair is curled a wee bit too—

But the last two line of the first stanza grieved me deeply—they cut, they tore—but the music—such heart rending music I had never heard, it inspired me, it made my heart pound with gladness—then it beat with sadness, they my feet wanted to work, and my cane began to swing and I felt like jumping down in their midst and flying away with music wagon and all to heights unknown where I could feast on their melodious music forever.

As I flew on I learned many other things of the class of '26. I passed Bo-bo and I saw a sign "The Gilbert-Emerick Beauty Parlor." I thought of having my mustache curled but thought the wind would whip the marcel out and it would not be worth while to have it done.

Doris Rila Peters, accompanied by her violin, had made several tours around the world looking for a "perfect man," and finally, decided that John Johnson, who had been waiting for her with open arms for many years, came nearer the requirements than any one else. They were married, and by the aid of Doris's voice and violin have lived in harmony ever since.

Francis Ellsworth and his wife, formerly Erma Gage, were happily married and were running a cheese factory at Monmouth. Both being great musicians as Francis played the "moanin' sax" and Erma the violin, they had composed a song, a very late hit, "We're Knee Deep in Cheese—And Head Over Heels In Whey."

Harold Martin had married Mary Hill, but she almost talked him to death so he got a divorce and started with the Barnum-Bailey Circus as the clown, but he soon became weary of making people laugh and longed for peace and quietness so he sought Winoma Everett and claimed her as his fair bride.

Some one was carrying a very heavy load, and upon peering closer I saw it to be Mary Noll. She was carrying several volumes of books which were entitled "Choicest

Bits of Gossip from the Neighborhood and Round-abouts." I learned that this had always been her main occupation because of her fine ability in securing material for her books.

Helen Farr and Kathryne Nichols had always had a liking for garages and filling stations so they had started a high grade garage. Helen sold cars, the Essex, Hudson, Durant, Stars, and Kathryne sold oil, gasoline, and other accessories. They were running in competition with their husbands (Guess who?) and were becoming immensely rich.

One evening I saw a trim little figure dressed in a little pink apron with a pink sunbonnet on one arm and a milk pail on the other, hopping toward a field and discerned Margaret Moore. She and her "best" were married just as soon as she had graduated, and were running a dairy.

As I passed over a beautiful beach in California I spied a tall, fat, bald headed man, and to my great laughter I recognized Bob Macklin. He had become quite a prominent lawyer and for many years had lived the life of a bachelor, but his life was changed when he went to an opera where he hear Herretta Elzey singing "Your Last Chance." This set Robert to thinking that he was alone in the world; so he sought her immediately after the opera and married her that very evening. I learned afterward that she had learned that he was to be there and had composed the song to fit the circumstances.

Ruth Johnson had attended Madam Blaker's school and was receiving a comfortable pension from the government.

Monai Butler, as I remembered was wearing a pin when we left D. H. S. and I heard she is still occupied in household drudgery.

Harold Owens and his cook, Lela Reffey were running a restaurant in Pleasant Mills for the poor children of the neighborhood.

Richard Bogner and his wife, formerly Evangeline Spahr, were proprietors of a "Mouth Harp Factory" in Henpeck, and business seemed to be progressing, as all the towns near invest such great sums of money to supply the people that every town close by is noted as a "Harpin' Good Town."

Mabel Staley was a French hair dresser for all the great actresses and their poodle dogs of Hollywood.

Robert Zwick, being a salesman, was doing rushing business for a grocery store in Watt, and his wife, Gretchen Kocher, was running a millinery shop in that place.

After graduating from college Faye Krugh wrote a book on "How to Retain That School Girl Complexion." She has accumulated such a sum of money from the book that she is living at ease in Los Angeles, California.

Drawing the glasses closer to my eyes I saw a man drawing pictures on canvas. Why! My soul! It was Harry Heuer. I rushed nearer the edge to get a better glimpse of my old friend Harry when—plunk, plunk!

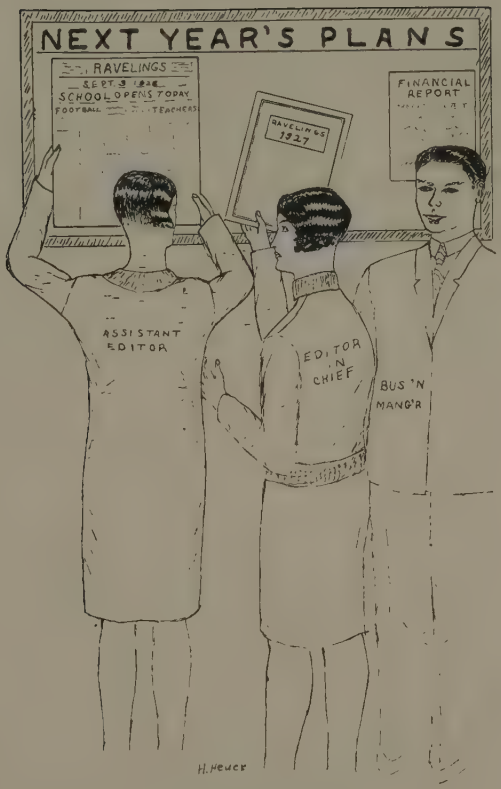
I awoke in a hospital as I was lying with my face toward the window I could see the proceedings of all going on outside. Suddenly a flivver drew up by the side of the curb and a man and woman sprang from it and rushed for the door. Imagine my amazement when no other persons entered my room but Edna Haugk and Dr. Roscoe Bockman. Edna Haugk told me that she had had a very sad love affair with a boy from Pleasant Mills, but in order to forget it she had taken up training for a nurse and Dr. Bockman had employed her in the Hospital of Hoagland.

Edna said that the "coughing Ford" belonged to her and that I might have it to catch my aeroplane. After driving many days I spied the aeroplane and upon my signaling to it with my little red tie, it halted in a field near by and I abandoned the Ford for my aeroplane and flew for New York to stage my play. I could not cast the class of '26 from my mind and wanted to do a favor for each one of them, so I sent each one a free admission ticket to my play for the next evening.

—Ruth Johnson.

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS

1. Catherine Nichols
2. Mary Noll
3. Harold Owens
4. Doris Peters
5. Margaret Moore
6. Harold Martin
7. Audley Moser
8. Hubert Myers
9. Faye Krugh
10. Don LeBrun
11. Robert Macklin
12. John Johnson
13. Ruth Johnson
14. Gretchen Kocher
15. Robert Zwick
16. Eleanor Pumphrey
17. Lela Reffey
18. Evangeline Spahr
19. Mable Staley
20. Robert Strickler
21. Melvin Thomas
22. Monai Butler
23. Francis Ellsworth
24. Herretta Elzey
25. Ethel Emerick
26. Josephine Anderson
27. Bertha Baughman
28. Roscoe Bockman
29. Richard Bogner
30. Winoma Everett
31. Helen Farr
32. Ireta Fisher
33. Erma Gage
34. Viola Gilbert
35. Edna Haugk
36. Harry Heuer
37. Mary Hill
38. Doyle Johnson


NEXT YEAR'S PLANS
RAVELINGS
SCHOOL OPENS TODAY
FOOTBALL
TEACHERS
RAVELINGS 1927
FINANCIAL REPORT
ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITOR IN CHIEF
BUS'N MANG'R
H. Heuer

JUNIORS

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS HISTORY

All the pupils of D. H. S. felt very intelligent September 6, 1923, because sixty-five very bright Freshmen joined the ranks with the upper classmen.

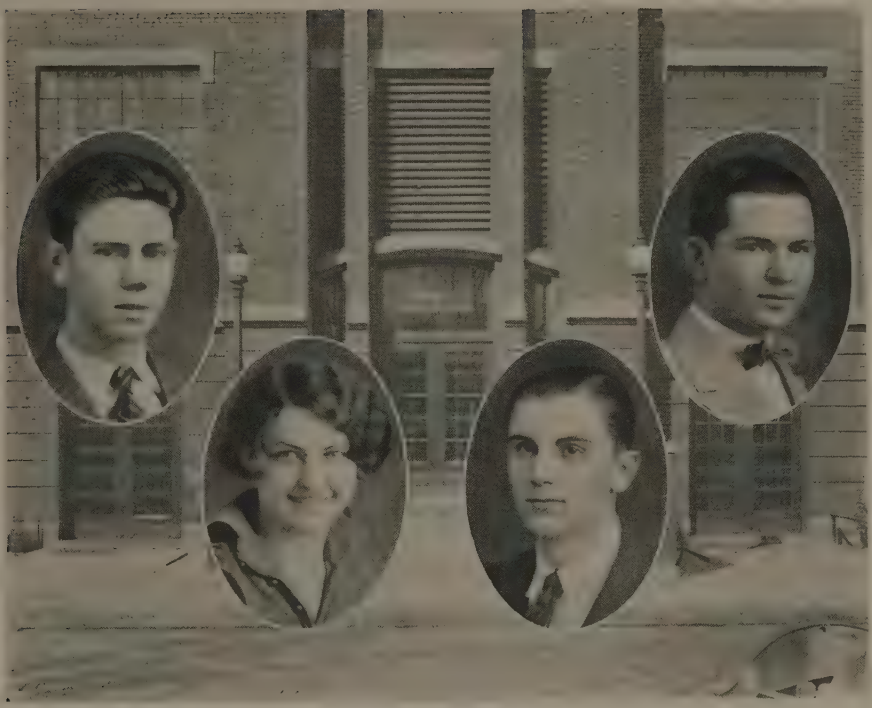
At our first meeting Mr. Howard was chosen guardian and the following officers chosen: Bob Frisinger, president; Mary K. Schug, vice-president; Graydon Dixon, secretary, and Gordon Teeters, treasurer.

Several good parties were held during the year and the Freshmen surely did enjoy them.

In the fall of 1924 we felt very superior to the Freshmen and were very anxious to become organized. About the second week a meeting was called and we chose as our guardian Miss Ossenberg. Other officers were: Mary K. Schug, president; Harold Zwick, vice-president; Gordon Teeter, treasurer.

We were well represented in athletics that year and made a fine showing for Sophomores. It was with great pleasure that we received our report cards advancing us to the dignified rank of Juniors.

After waiting for the Seniors to pick their officers, we were proud to know that we had the next chance. We chose the following officers to lead us through the year:



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Joe Bebout, President. Robert Acker, Vice-President
Margaret Haley, Secretary Gordon Teeters, Treasurer

Miss Myers, guardian; Joe Bebout, president; Bob Acker, vice-president; Margaret Haley, secretary, and Gordon Teeters, treasurer.

The Juniors held two parties during the year, one in November and the other in March. The latter was held with the Seniors and the G. E. Harmony Boys furnished the music for dancing.

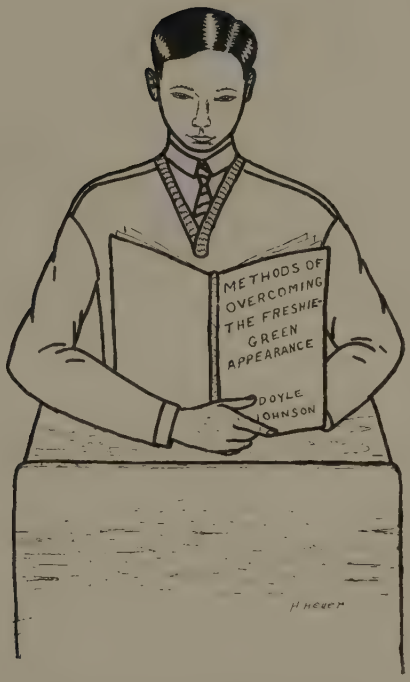
We were well represented in football this year. Joe Bebout was captain and Bob Acker was captain-elect. Others were Charles Brown, Bill Bell, Harold Zwick, Frank DeVor, Bob Frisinger, Basil Covault, and Eddie Anderson.

We were not forgotten in basetball being represented by Joe Bebout, Gerald Somers, Bill Bell, and Charles Brown.

Also the Junior girls made a fine showing. Those on the first team were Captain-elect, Mildred Worthman, Lillian Worthman, Violet Brickly, Dorothy Peterson, ably assisted by Geradine Andrews.

We have one more year in D. H. S. and we are going to make it the best year in the history of this school.

—Betty Erwin.


METHODS OF
OVERCOMING
THE FRESHIE-
GREEN
APPEARANCE
DOYLE
JOHNSON

SOPHOMORES

SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

The doors of D. H. S. opened wide to greet a class of sixty-three Freshmen in the fall of 1924, who were all hoping to be called some other name than "Greenies."

In order to be following the leader, we had a meeting like the upper classmen. We choose Mr. Tyndall as our guardian and elected the following officers: Billy Bell, president; Chester Brandyberry, vice-president; Helen Haubold, secretary; Betty Erwin, treasurer; Ruth Hammond, custodian; Lillian Worthman, yell leader.

During the first semester one party was held at the Gymnasium on Halloween, and a good time was enjoyed by all present.

At the beginning of the second semester the honored class of Freshmen was presented with thirty-seven new members who entered with the greatest of pleasure.

Our second party was held at the gymnasium, and the third in the form of a hike. The class met and went out to Bellmont Park where they played games, ate their supper, and had a very enjoyable time.

Thus ended our "Gone But Not Forgotten" first year with the largest class in high school.

In the fall of 1925, we took upon us the title of Sophomores and chose for our class sponsors: Chester Reynolds, president; Helen Haubold, vice-president; Helen Shroll, secretary; John DeVoss, treasurer; Mr .Gibson, guardian; Robert Passwater, yell leader.

Mr. Gibson entertained the class with a party held at his home in Wren, Ohio, and

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

Chester Reynolds, President — Helen Haubold, Vice-President
Helen Shroll, Secretary — John Devoss, Treasurer

so ended the events of the first semester.

During the second semester a party was held at the gymnasium on April 9, and every one had a wonderful time.

At present the class has eighty-seven pupils as follows: Pauline Andrews, Esther Berry, Edna Bieneke, Florence Brown, Alma Bucher, Robert Carper, Daniel Christen, Hester Clayton, Dorothy Cook, David Cramer, Emma Crazier, John Dierks, Charlotte Evertt, Sadie Fisher, Florence Fleming, Robert Freitag, Herman Gresley, Ruth Hammond, Mable Hill, Virginia Hite, Helen Haulbold, Wilmer Harmon, Kenneth Hofstetter, James Houk, Geraldine Hower, Agnes Johnson, Golda Johnson, Kathryn Kauffman, Gerald Koos, Jaunity Knodel, Matilda Krutlzmann, Charles Magley, Glennys McBarnes, Raymond McLillan, Margaret Mills, Marker Mount, Helen Myers, Melvena Newhard, Pauline Niblick, Francis Noack, Lois Ogg, Lawrence Potts, Esther Reppert, Chester Reynolds, Mable Ruckman, Helen Shroll, Esther Stevens, Kenneth Schnepp, Richard Stoneburner, True Sheets, John Shieferstein, Vivian Thomas, Bernice Thorton, Clarence Williams, Florence Weling, Justine Zerkel, Josephine Archbold, John Berry, Lewis Butcher, Isabel Cloud, Robert Cole, Harry Daily, Catherine Eady, Charlotte Elzy, John Engle, Thurman Elzy, Delores Elzy, Lucille Gay, Helen Gerber, James Gilbert, Dorothy Haley, Robert Heller, Glen Hilyard, Isabel Hower, Josephine Jaberg, Margaret Kern, Walter Kiess, Joe Krick, Miriam Parrish, Robert Passwater, Isabel Peterson, Ireta Shackley.

PRINCIPAL'S
OFFICE
ALL RIGHT PEOPLE MOVE ON IN SIDE THE BELL HAS RUNG
I CAN'T FIND THE LATIN ROOM
REGISTRATION CARD
H. Heyer

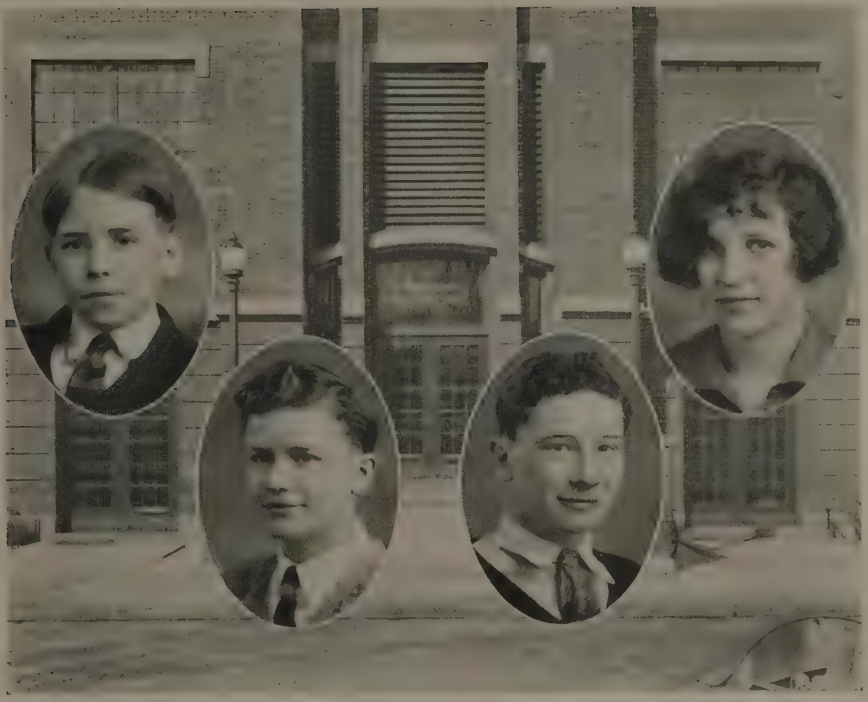
FRESHMEN

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS HISTORY

We sixty-one timid, little "freshies" entered for the first time (but not the last) the doors of D. H. S. on the morning of September 7, 1925. Those that had the honor of entering high school were: Iris Acker, Florence Anderson, Mary Anderson, Helena Aughenbaugh, Glenn Barlett, Alma Blakey, Raymond Bleeke, Theodore Bleeke, Albert Braun, Lloyd Brown, Lillian Burke, Elizabeth Cramer, Marie Crider, Mary DeVor, Helen Draper, Russell Flaugh, Margarete Farrar, Mary Jane Fritzinger, Grayston Gresley, Nona Gunder, Dorothy Haley, Tom Haubold, Vaughn Hilyard, Bob Kiess, James Kocher, Don Koos, Charlotte Kudart, Ted Kudart, Herman Lankenau, Betty Macklin, Louise Mann, Isabelle McGill, Lena McGill, Don Miller, June Miller, Helen Moschberger, Eloise Noll, Mildred Owen, Lorena Reppert, Howard Reynolds, Lloyd Rondebush, John Scheiman, Clarence Smith, Josephine Smith, Osie Smith, Virginia Smith, Melvena Smitley, Harriet Wallace, Violet Squire, May Suman, Chalmer Werst, Ernest Uhrick and Homer Barton.

After our upper classmen had elected their officers, we selected ours, and we were very luckly by getting Ralph Tyndall to act as guardian for our class. The following officers were elected: Dorothy Haley, president; Betty Macklin, vice-president; Harry Dailey, secretary; John Engle, treasurer. We also chose our class colors, old rose and grey.



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

Don Koos, President — Betty Macklin, Vice-President
Thomas Haubold, Secretary — Herman Lankenau, Treasurer

On October 29, we had our first class party in the gymnasium. Everyone had a good time.

The second semester began with an increase in the Freshman Class. The following freshmen bid good-bye to Central and came to D. H. S.: Vivian Acker, Kathryn Aurand, Harry Baumgartner, Gladys Cook, Dick Engle, Glenn Fee, Chalmer Fisher, Gaynell Graber, Marjory Hoagland, Edward Musser, Stanley Green, Doris Nelson, Marshia Ohler, Ida Potts, Ivan Reynold, Crystall Roop, Frederick Schafer, James Smith, Anna E. Winnes, and Jeanette Youse.

All except one of our officers became sophomores the second semester. We had a class meeting and elected the following officers: Persident, Don Koos; vice-president, Betty Macklin; secretary, Tom Haubold; treasurer, Herman Lankenau.

We had a class party on April 2, 1926.

Although only freshmen, we were well represented in athletics by both boys and girls. The freshmen girls made a pretty good showing in the inter-class tournament, though we didn't win.

Although we hope to be sophomores next year, we shall never forget the good times we had in our dear old freshman year.

"Let's go, Freshies!"
"Let's go, Freshies!"
"Yea, Freshies,"
"Let's go!"

—Betty Mackln.

LITERARY

THE LOST LETTER

Dick Gard stepped out of the lawyer's office with a letter in his hand. The envelope which was quite bulky suggested that it contained many pages.

On this particular day Dick was very joyful. Not only was he twenty-one, and had just learned what property and securities his father had left him, but he also held in his hand a letter, which would explain to him the unusual actions of his father and tell him who his mother had been.

Mr. Gard had come to the city many years before, when Dick was a small boy. No one knew who he was, or where he had come from, or where his wife was. The people naturally wondered concerning his past, but as Mr. Gard did not seem inclined to give information, they soon accepted him for just what he was.

Mrs. Carb would detain him as he was going to work, and gently hint for facts about his past life. "I know he must have been a thief, or perhaps a murderer," she often said to her neighbor. "I don't see how he can withstand all my pumping."

Mr. Gard had died when Dick was about sixteen. As he had been a man of considerable means Dick continued to live with Mrs. Carter, who had boarded them from their first arrival, and was able to get a good education. He had just opened up his architect office on the fifth floor of the Van building.

All the business men in town were interested in his career, and hoped for his success. "He is such a lovable chap," one after another would say, "and so bright, industrious, and interesting."

Not only were the business men hoping for his success, but Mr. Fawkel's daughter, Anna Jane, prayed for the young architect every evening as she knelt at her bedside. Little did her father, the wealthy manufacturer, suspect her dreams of a tiny white cottage with ruffled curtains, and a vine covered porch furnished with wicker.

Mrs. Carb took it upon herself to help rear Dick. He played in her yard when a small boy, and she gave parties for him when he became older. One day she showed him a great many pictures. One was of a beautiful young girl.

"This is a picture of my daughter," she said, and a lump arose in her throat. "She was a very stubborn girl, just like her father. We never got along very well, and when she once got away from home, she never came back. But—this doesn't interest you. Here is a picture of my husband and me."

Although she showed him many pictures, he always kept the one of the beautiful young girl on top. "I wonder what the rest of the story is," he often thought to himself. For many weeks the image of the girl remained in his mind.

As he walked down the street, the words of the lawyer were still ringing in his ears. "This letter will tell you what you've long wanted to know, Dick. Your father was very anxious that you get it on your twenty-first birthday."

"Just as soon as I get home, I'll read it," thought Dick. "It will take a long time, but I have a whole evening.

"Hi—there, Dick!"

Dick turned around to see Jack walking very rapidly toward him.

"I haven't seen you for a long time," he said. "Club meets tonight, Dick, and you'd better come. You haven't been there for a long time. We boys don't like to be deserted."

"But I have to,——" started Dick.

"No excuse will do," laughed Jack. "And besides, Tom Dart was looking all over town for you this afternoon, and I told him to be sure and come to the club because you'd be there. He wants to see you about some plans."

"You're always promising someone I'll be somewhere," said Dick, disgustedly.

"Sorry, old Top," replied Jack, in a hurt tone.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Jack," quickly responded Dick. "It is bully of you to look out for my business."

"I'll be after you about seven then," called Jack as he turned to go.

Dinner was ready when Dick entered the door; so he rushed up stairs to get ready. He realized that he could have no time to read his precious letter until after Club that night.. "I hate to carry it with me," he said to himself. "It would be safe in the secret drawer of this old stand."

Actions followed thought, and soon Dick was down stairs seated at the table while his letter was upstairs in the old sand.

All during dinner he seemed to be preoccupied, and Mrs. Carter could not understand what was wrong, because he usually was so jolly and talkative.

"I can't imagine what was wrong with Dick last night," she said to her neighbor, Mrs. Crab. "He was so silent and moody."

"More than likely he and Anna Jane have had a slight disagreement," soothed Mrs. Crab.

When Dick and Jack arrived at the Club House, a few of the fellows met them at the door with open arms.

"Mighty glad to see you back," called one. "It hurts us terribly to be deserted for a skirt." "Don't worry about him," put in another. "When he's married and the honeymoon is over, he'll be here every night."

Tom pushed his way up to Dick, and dragged him off. "Excuse us a minute, boys," he said. "Dick and I have some plans to talk over."

"So Tom is going to be married," cried Jack. "Hooray! Here comes the bride, here comes the groom. All the boys marched around the room, singing and acting in a very burlesque manner.

"Don't forget the cigars," yelled someone.

After the meeting was over, and the boys were about ready to break up, Jack climbed upon a table and began, "Dear gentlemen——"

"I thought Jack was too old to bow so gracefully," came a loud whisper from the rear of the room.

"We are all glad to see Dick back in our midst after an absence of nearly three weeks," continued Jack. "In appreciation of his attendance we will have an all-night party at my house. Sh—I'll tell you a secret. The family is gone. All who can and will, come."

Jack descended from his elevated position amid much clapping.

Dick's heart sank at the words. It meant that he would not be able to read his letter until the following day.

The party was a gay affair. Everyone was in good spirits but Dick. He could not be joyful and have a good time, when so much of his life depended upon the contents of that letter.

The first opportunity he got to go home and read his letter was at four o'clock the next afternoon; just twenty-four hours from the time he had received it.

Upon entering the house he hurried upstairs, but returned in a moment to the room where Mrs. Carter was sewing. His face was ashen, and his hand trembled.

"Would you please tell me where the old stand is," he asked.

"You mean—of, I know what you mean. I sold it to Mr. Eisteen, the antique dealer, this morning. He bought——"

"You sold that old stand?" cried Dick, trying to gain control of himself.

"He said that a woman wanted one similar to it, and as he offered me a good price, I——."

But Dick was gone. It did not take him long to reach Mr. Eisteen's shop.

"Something for you, sir?" inquired a young man.

"Is Mr. Eisteen here?" asked Dick.

"No, but he'll return any minute," replied the young man.

"I'll just look around while I'm waiting, if you don't mind," said Dick.

"I can easily buy the stand back," thought Dick. But his walk around the various pieces of furniture did not reveal the old stand.

"Something in particular that you wanted?" asked the young man.

"Yes," replied Dick. "I wanted an old stand. In fact, Mrs. Carter told me she sold you one similar to the kind I want."

"Mr. Eisteen has already delivered it to Mrs. Hill. She is very pleased with it so I do not think you could buy it from her."

The young man turned to wait upon a customer, so he did not notice the look of despair that came over Dick's face, or see him clutch a bedstead nearby.

After the customer had gone, Dick asked, "Who is Mrs. Hill?"

"I don't know much about her," answered the young man. "She is crazy about antiques, and comes in her quite often to look for them. I hear that she lives with an aunt on Fallen Street, and that she is a divorcee."

Just at that moment the door opened, and Mrs. Hill herself entered. She was lovely to look at and had a very sweet voice.

"I must get that letter," thought Dick. "Why not? It would not be so terrible."

The young man was surprised to hear Dick say, "I am very much interested in antiques also. I came in here today to see if I could get a stand similar to the one you bought."

"Have I had the pleasure of your acquaintance?" asked Mrs. Hill very sweetly.

"Pardon me," replied Dick with genuine feeling, "I am Dick Gard, an architect."

"My name is Mrs. Hill," she returned, "and I live with an aunt on Fallen Avenue. For several years I have been gathering antiques, until now I have quite a collection. If you'd like to see them I'd be pleased to have you call sometime."

"This is working out better than I expected," said Dick to himself. Aloud he said. "If you do think I am imposing upon your kindness, or rushing the acquaintance, I'd love to call this evening."

"I'll expect you then, about eight," she said with a smile, and then gave the young man a check for the old stand.

Dick was at her home right on time. In his haste to get the letter he forgot to call Anna Jane.

Mrs. Hill entertained him very pleasantly, and showed him all her antiques, explaining the history of each. But all he could see or think of was the old stand in the corner. He did not get a chance to get the letter that evening.

"I can't let anyone in on my secret," said Dick to himself. "I must get it without her knowing it."

He had called on Mrs. Hill several times before he finally got the letter. Meanwhile most of his friends were deserting him. "He is so listless and preoccupied all the time," said the boys.

"You can just go with your old divorcee," cried Anna Jane. "I never want to see you again!"

"He seemed promising enough at first, but—blood will tell." said Mrs. Crab, shaking her head in a thoughtful manner.

As soon as he got the letter out of the secret drawer, he excused himself and hurried home. In the quiet of his own room he opened it, and with a tear in his eye. read:

"My Dear Son:

"I shall attempt to tell you of the things that have happened in my life, which have made my actions seem so odd and secretive to you.

"My parents were well-to-do and as I was the only child, I had all that a boy could desire. When about sixteen, a great sorrow came into my life. Both of my parents were killed in an interurban wreck. A brother of my became my guardian, and administrator of my estate.

"I led a terrible life at his home. He had invested all my fortune in Government bonds, which were in my name, and used the income for himself. He did not clothe me as well as did his own children, and continually slandered me.

"At the age of eighteen I ran off, and I took the bonds with me. He accused me of stealing; so I had to hide and keep my abode a secret. But, my son, understand me aright. I did not steal, because the bonds were my very own.

"In a far off city I met your mother. She was visiting an aunt. It did not take us long to fall in love with each other, and we planned to be married. At that time I was twenty-two.

"She wrote to her mother about it, and told her that we would come and see them so she might become acquainted with me. The letter we received was very hateful, and demanded that my wife come home immediately, and never see me again.

"We thought she would soon get over it, but she did not; and furthermore she wrote to my wife's aunt and criticized her for allowing such a thing. She said she never wanted to see her daughter again, or even hear her husband's name.

"We lived happily for many years, and then you came. I lost your mother that same year. She made me promise that I would rear you in her old hometown, but I should not tell you who your people were until you were twenty-one.

"You know your grandmother well. She is Mrs. Crab. Rose Crab was your mother. Rose Crab was my wife.

"Never be ashamed of your parentage, my son. If is of the best. Live a virtuous life, and make the world better by your living in it.

"Every ready to aid you, even in death, I remain,

"Your father."

Some time later Dick Gard was the foremost architect in town. He and his wife, formerly Anna Jane Fawkel, lived in a large white house at the top of the principal residence street.

JUST ACROSS THE BORDER

Under the scorching heat of a July sun, a weary horse and rider could be seen winding their way toward the Mexican border. Joe Lane realized that he must be very close to the border, as the faces of many dirty little "greasers" peered from windows as he rode by. A neat little abode came into sight, and here Joe thought that he might be able to secure lodging for the horse and himself..

Upon observing the hut more closely, he recognized it to be that of an American, as a small American flag hung in the window. Joe rode his horse, Silver, to a great white stone which served as a door step, and on this Silver tapped three times with her hoof. Instantly the door was opened by a white haired gentleman who smiled at the cleverness of the horse and bade the rider the time of day.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I have lodging here this evening? I have ridden far, and Silver and I are tired." The aged gentleman, whom every one called Father Mack because of his benevolent character, did not need to give an answer, for in his eyes were the words of approval.

Under the stars of the open sky Joe and his companion conversed of the increasing trouble between the United States and Mexico, for every few days the Mexicans made raids on the American soil and captured the latter. Joe was not acquainted with the country in this section of the United States and did not know where he could secure lodging. Father Mack insisted that Joe remain with him, but the visitor felt it his duty to decline the invitation and by doing so he would protect the hoary headed man from any harm whch might occur if he took a permanent residence with him, and also keep the people from detecting so readily his connection with the United States government.

"There is a vacant abode down the path about two miles," replied Father Mack, "but no one has lived in it since the disappearance of Jim Hackney. People think the place is haunted, for some declare that they have seen peculiar forms around the old cabin. A few days after Jim's disappearance, his daughter and wife were kidnapped by the Mexicans. His wife died from a fever soon after, but his daughter Lola is still living in a Mexican home. These Mexicans offered to release her upon a ransom for ten thousand dollars, but her father never appeared again and they have treated her cruelly and have made her work in the fields as a slave."

"Where does this man live who keeps the girl in slavey?"

"The man who has her now lives across the border. His name is Black Jack and he has a great tract of land on which he keeps a great many followers who are ready to assist him in all of his cruel treachery."

Joe sought his own little shack with a determination to serve Uncle Sam to the full extent of his power. This villainy must be stopped, and he thought it was his duty to help crush these raids and make it safe for the Americans who lived near the border.

The next morning Joe and Silver started out to explore the surroundings of the country. With a startled movement, his horse jumped aside and stood still. Down the path came a great number of "greasers." Then Joe reined his horse behind a clump of bushes, and the horsemen rode on.

"Shall we follow them, Silver, to see what pranks the ruffians are up to?" The horse stamped her feet impatiently, and in a flash they were after the Mexican riders.

The moon had not risen, and Joe rode so closely to the men that he could hear a few words of their conversation. He rode so closely, in fact, that he heard one say, "Say, who is this scalaway of an American that just moved in Jim Hackney's old cabin? I fear he is no friend of ours."

"Oh, he is just one of those soft head detectives that Uncle Sam stations in various parts of the country. But he couldn't catch a horse if it were crippled in two legs and knock-kneed in the other two."

"Is that so?" thought Joe. At that moment a signal of fire was given from some unknown source, but Joe knew not from whence it came. In an instant, every rider had faced about and started back toward the border. This was so sudden that the follower did not have a chance to flee before being seen, for he was listening to the conversation and was not prepared for the sudden turning.

"Well, who's that on that conspicuous horse? Halt!" was the command given, but Silver had reeled about and was carrying her master to safety with the Mexicans in close pursuit. The night being yet dark, Joe reined his horse about and was soon bringing up the rear of the desperadoes again. He took particular caution this time not

to approach so closely, but the men were angry, and he could hear them swearing in loud oaths because of his escape.

"I'm sure it was that stranger. He'd better learn to keep his head out of our business or he'll be where he 'ain't a wantin' to go," —but Joe could not hear the rest of their conversation as the moon was beginning to beam over the land and he faced about for his cabin.

As the days went slowly by, Father Mack and Joe became great friends. Their attitude was that of father and son. A great contrast was noted in watching the kind-hearted old man relate blood curdling stories to the brown-eyed boy who sat and listened with a determination to justify these wrongs which had been committed.

Joe did not explore by day, as it was dangerous to ride near the border in broad day light, and he did not care for the Mexicans to get a very good view of him.

Every night before the moon ascended, he made a general survey of the land and gained all knowledge that he could obtain. One night he again saw a band of Mexicans riding across the country. Leading his horse into a small ravine, he saw twenty raiders who rode past, but two men who came riding leisurely in the rear were talking in low tones. "Do you think he will be at home?" asked one.

"Of course, for he never goes any place. The thing I am fearing is the man on the white horse that I saw the other night out prowlin' 'round, and if he should be thar it'll not be so easy. He and the old man seem to be on pretty good terms. I hope his gold is still where I last saw him put it."

Joe needed no further information. No sooner had the men ridden on than he was flying across the open country toward the home of his dear friend. Silver seemed to realize the danger as her feet flew like magic. He knew that the raiders were not far from his home and if he went by a round-about route, they would arrive first, and if he attempted to ride past them they would recognize him. Ah!—he remembered a hedge was growing along the field behind Father Mack's home and near by was a huge pile of stones and behind these he and Silver could conceal themselves. He made straight for this hedge, and upon arriving there, he realized that he was safe.

He could not warn Father Mack, but he had four pistols with him and thought he might deceive the heartless desperadoes. The raiders rode up to Father Mack's door and demanded an entrance.

"Who is out there?" called out Father Mack in his kindly voice.

"Open up and see. You'll find out sooner than you're expecting if you don't open this door. Now, open it, or I'll smash the thing in."

When the door was smashed in, a dim light on the table revealed the white haired old gentleman sitting by the table looking upon a picture of a woman whose eyes were of azure and whose hair fell in golden waves around her fair face like that of a fairy queen. One of the ruffians reached for the picture, but Father Mack pressed it closer to his heart and gazed with misty eyes on the face of his departed wife.

"Oh drop that thing! Bring out that money you have around here. Now, don't say you haven't any, for we know you have—so be speedy about it."

"I have no money, for I paid my last cent in taxes."

"If you won't tell, we'll make you tell. You can't deceive us like that."

Upon Mack's second refusal he was seized by many hands and was dragged toward the door. "Get the stakes ready, Vila, we'll make him tell."

The stakes were set; fagots were piled high; soon a fire was started. "Now, will you tell us or not? Your fate lies before you."

Immediately shots seemed to fall from every direction on the raiders. These shots were returned by the villains but not without effect, for Father Mack was knocked unconscious by a bullet from one of the Mexicans. As the shots seemed to increase, the men ran for their horses which they had left tied a short distance from the small abode. Joe had cut the ropes which held the horses, and they had scampered away leaving their masters to flee on foot for their border land.

Joe arose from his concealment and hastened to find his friend. He groped about in the darkness, but could not find him. Soon he heard the soft neigh of Silver and followed the sound till he found the horse standing over the unconscious form of Father Mack. He quickly proceeded to wash the bleeding wounds and dressed them; then he removed the wounded man to his little cot in one corner of the room.

For several days and nights Joe watched over the body, and at last the patient seemed to show signs of improvement. Two weeks passed, and one night while Joe sat by the corner of the little hotel gazing at the sky, suddenly a letter was thrust into his hands. He looked about him but could not see the messenger anywhere. He opened the letter and saw a feminine hand writing:

Dear Yankee:—The Mexicans are planning to capture you Saturday night. Won't you and Silver please hide? They are coming with a large band of the roughest men in the country. YOUR SERVANT.

What to do next was the big problem, for he would not leave Father Mack alone to the mercies of these cruel men, and where could he take him? Suddenly, he remembered a secret cave he had found near a high precipice, and here he decided to remove his patient as soon as darkness approached.

The next morning found them in their new home. He dared not go by day to search for food; so when darkness approached, Joe, leading Silver, appeared at the opening of the cave. There his head came into contact with something hard; and examining the subject, he found it to be a basket filled with food. A note was tied to the handle, and he recognized the same hand writing as of the previous note he had received. He read: "Do not leave for food. The Mexicans think you are at home and are watching very closely for you. I'll bring you food."

Joe did not have much time to eat the food, but grabbing a banana, he entrusted the rest to Father Mack and soon was on his way to a sending station. He arrived safely and sent the message to the army to meet him at the station appointed, on Saturday night, at eight o'clock.

Every day until Saturday, the basket of food was placed near the cave for Joe and Mack. Saturday night arrived, and Joe went to the place where the troops were to stop, in order to lead them toward the scene of the raid. At this time plans were made for Joe to go to his original hut as usual. If a light appeared in the window of his hut, the fight was on.

After arriving at his hut, Joe did not have long to wait, for soon a voice at the door asked, "May I stay here for the night?"

He knew the raiders had come; so he tried to appear calm. Opening the door, he faced many steel gun barrels. "Hands up" was snarled from the assailants. Joe did not hesitate, for he realized that refusal to obey would mean his life. They quickly bound him and struck his mouth until it was bruised and bleeding, and then ordered him to walk and keep apace with their horses. Joe concluded that the troops had failed to see his signal for no signs could be seen of them, but he knew if they did not appear on the scene that his life lay in the hands of these villains.

They had not gone very far when shots were discharged from the ambush and several Mexicans fell. Suddenly a circle of horsemen surrounded the raiders, and all were captured except one who had been in the lead and escaped. Joe was unbound, and wiping the blood from his eyes, he saw his faithful Silver bringing up the rear with his hat in her mouth. He mounted Silver and rode toward his cave.

As he rode by a tree, a "greaser" stepped out and snarled, "At last, you're a dead man. Now let's see you play one more trick." Saying this the Mexcan drew his revolver, but Joe was too quick and shot him through the heart. The Mexican's shot did not go wild, for Joe fell from his horse, wounded. Stumbling a few steps backwards, he disappeared from the surface of the earth.

"Well now, wasn't that the most mysterious thing you ever saw? The ground just opened and swallowed him up," gaped a wide eyed girl from the top of an old oak tree.

Climbing from the tree, she cautiously surveyed the ground around the place where Joe had disappeared, but because of the darkness she found it difficult to find any clue to the mystery. "Now, there is some mystery connected with this event. The earth doesn't just naturally swallow people without a reason."

Nothing could be done until the moon arose. Then she might be able to investigate. Brushing her golden curls from her face, she sat down between two rocks to watch and to wait. At last the moon beams began to dance around her feet, and creeping from her resting place, she looked about the country and I saw Silver standing near an old tree. The girl approached cautiously toward Silver, who at first seemed startled, but hearing the feeble tones of the girl's voice, she remained motionless.

"Well, Silver, what are we going to do about this? Your master gobbled up right before our eyes. What's that hook over there on the ground?"

An investigation began, and the iron bar or hook seemed to be attached to a board in the ground. "What we need is a rope. I suppose there isn't any wthin miles. Why, Silver, there's one on you! We're going to solve this problem, aren't we?"

One end of the rope was fastened to the hook, and the other was tied securely to Silver. "When I say three, Silver, pull with all your might. One—two—three."

Suddenly dirt flew in every direction, and the opening disclosed a great cave. The girl had never been on this side of the precipice before, and she warned Silver to sand with her head to the south so that neither would get lost.

There were dirt steps down into the cave, and to one side of the steps she found a torch and some matches. She lit the torch and descended to the foot of the stairway. There in a heap lay the unconscious form of Joe. The girl realized that she must have cold water to bring him back to consciousness; so she went into the cave. She stumbled over another object and upon holding the torch closer to his face, she screamed in horror, "Father! Father!"

Jim Hackney's eyelids quivered and opened. "Litte girl, have you found me at last? I thought you would never come—" but he wandered off into unconsciousness again.

SCHOOL SONG

D. H. S. Oh! D. H. S. Oh! D. H. S.
We're all for you,
We will fight for
The Gold and Purple,
For the glory of our High School.
Rah! Rah!
Never daunted we cannot falter
In the battle we're tried and true,
D. H. S. Oh! D. H. S. Oh! D. H. S.
We're all for you.

ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

FIRST SQUAD FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row: R. Strickler, H. Myers, Mr. Marshall, Coach; R. Zwick, Charles Brown, E. Anderson.
Middle Row: J. Dierks, J. Bebout, R. Acker.
Bottom Row: B. Covault, D. Le Brun.

1—John Dierks
2—Robert Zwick
3—Joe Bebout
4—Melvin Thomas
5—Richard Bogner

Robert Acker—6
Donald Le Brun—7
Robert Strickler—8
Robert Macklin—9
Hubert Myers—10

11—Lawrence Potts
12—Edward Anderson
13—Bazil Covault
14—Herald Zwick
15—Herman Lankenau

Robert Frisinger—16
Robert Keiss—17
Frank DeVor—18
Bill Bell—19
Charles Brown—20

BASKETBALL

Audley Moser Robert Strickler John Dierks
Joe Bebout Robert Zwick

Chester Reynolds

Joe Krick

Gerald Somers

Charles Magley

CAPTAIN MOSER

Aud. has been a valuable man for two years and his ability to start the offense has always been an asset to the team. He was able to cage a basket when necessary. Moser is a senior and will be lost to the team.

STRICKLER

Here is the man that can hit 'em from any angle. He was one of the best offensive men in the state and it is with many sighs that we see him graduate. We expect him to be playing with some good college team in the next few years.

ZWICK

Bob was a man who was handicapped in size but he possessed a real fighting spirit. He was a good passer and a hard worker and we will miss him.

CAPTAIN-ELECT DEIRKES

Deirkes is a man that has improved very fast and his defense was a tower of strength. He was a very good foul shooter and seldom missed a free throw. He has two more years on the varsity.

REYNOLDS

The best passer on the team. Chet had a wonderful spirit. He has two more years in which to improve his basket shooting which is his greatest weakness. We predict a future for this lad.

KRICK

Joe is a big freshman that is coming along just about right and will make an athlete. Joe is six feet and has hands like hams. He keeps the fellows feeling good with his ready wit.

BEBOUT

Bebout is a junior that has drive and plenty of it. He is a fighter and will make someone work for position on the first five next year.

SOMERS

Gerald is a junior and has one more year with us. We are counting on him to come through next year.

MAGLEY

A man that has fight, so much fight, that he is affectionately referred to as the "fighting fool." What better tribute can one pay to a real man?

SECOND TEAM

BOYS' SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM
Top Row: H. Lankenau, M. Thomas, B. Cole, C. Brown, R. Keiss.
Middle Row: C. Werst, D. Stoneburner, T. Haubold.
Bottom Row: D. Engle, B. Bell.

GIRLS BASKETBALL

Helen Stevenson, Coach

Helen Farr
Heretta Elzey
Katherine Nichols
Lillian Worthman
Eleanore Pumphrey
Dorthy Peterson

Delores Elzey

Geraldine Hower

Violet Brickley

Mildred Worthman

Isabelle Peterson

Geraldine Andrews

ELEANOR PUMPHREY

"PUMP"

Pump is one of the "fast pair." See that streak? Well, that was her. Yes, Pump is one of the fastest forwards that ever graced the Decatur gym. She was the captain of the team and by her influencing disposition and personality she lead the team through many hard-won battles. Pump possesses an alert mind and a pair of fast feet thereby winning her a position with the "regulars" for the past three years.

To the sorrow of D. H. S. Pumphrey will graduate this spring and we are in doubt as to whether they will find another to take her place again very soon.

HERRETTA ELZEY

"RED"

"Red" proved out to be one of the best centers in school. This being her first year on the varsity she surely made up for the years that D. H. S. didn't know she could jump. She can do more than leave the floor, however, she is quick and speedy when it comes to catching the ball. She has saved many a day this year by her determination to out-jump her opponent.

She leaves D. H. S. this year and here's hoping she wins honor playing "the game" elsewhere the way she did for Decatur.

KATHERINE NICHOLS

"KATE"

"Kate" is another one of the team's valuable players. She has played the position of guard on the varsity for two years. Her opponents were unable to get away with "an easy ball" when Kate was around and had to travel to keep up with her.

Kate gained her way to the varsity by her willingness to do her best and by possessing the "old time fight." She sure has it, there's no doubt.

The Decatur team will known when "Kate" graduates this year that they have lost a real guard, a player who has the ability to play the game and play it well.

MILDRED WORTHMAN

"MIL"

One of the indispensible guards of the team. "Mil" was always right there when it came to keeping the "other guy" from putting one in the loop. "Mil" has been a loyal worker on the team and deserves much credit for all her doings. She has the right spirit to look as well as to follow. Spirit of the game is one of the biggest features to a game and "Mil" has it.

"Mil" has another year on the team and we're predicting a glorious year for her. Here's to you, "Mil", and your team!

LILLIAN WORTHMAN

"TUBBY"

A good player, a real sport, and heaps of pep!—that's that! Tubby proved to be an all around side-center shortly after the season opened, and with the aid of "Red" the two became a "clock like" pair. Tubby was always there for the "tip off" and she got it too. She's the one who usually ran her opponent a merry chase. Tubby experienced her first year on the varsity and she has two more years to make D. H. S. sit up and take notice, we're picking her to do it, too. Luck to you, "Tubby."

DOROTHY PETERSON

"PETE"

Dorothy Peterson—alias "Pete"—is one of the best guards Decatur High School has ever had. She has shown her "speed" this season. She sure can "stick to 'em" and is a very consistent player. Pete plays a fine brand of ball. Her determination to get hold of the ball and pass it to the right one sums up the whole story.

"Pete" has another year and we know she'll continue to display real stuff.

VIOLET BRICKLEY

"BRICK"

"Brick" came to us from Bluffton and believe us, we sure think what was Bluffton's loss was our gain. Although Brick didn't start out to play in every game of the season when she did "get in to it" she got in hard. She has proved to be a player that makes her dangerous to her opposing player.

"Brick" has another year to show more of what she can do. Here's to you, Brick.

GERALDINE ANDREWS

"JERRY"

"Jerry" was another one of this year's "subs." "Jerry" shows a great probability of following in close footsteps to the other forwards of the team. She is a good shot as well as being capable of "holding on to the ball." This is "Jerry's" first year at the game and things are still a little new but we're betting she finds things "easier going" next year. "Step on it, Jerry."

DELORES ELZEY

"BLONDE"

"Blonde" has been one of the faithful subs this year although she hasn't appeared before the student body to any extent, the team knows she's a valuable player. She is able to "leave the floor" in the same form as her sister "Red" and we're expecting a lot from her next year. "Blonde" is only a "Freshie" this year and the future should hold much in store for her.

HELEN FARR

"FARR"

Decatur had a pair of forwards this year that could make a mighty good pair of guards look like no guards at all.

Now you've already met the one half of this scoring machine and this is the other half—Helen Farr. "Farr" is one of the few girls who has played on the Varsity four years. The scoring business this year was a sort of give and take proposition that is one would give the pass and the other would take the basket. Well, Helen was just as good at "giving" as she was at taking. And she had an uncanny ability of always being able to score when we needed it worst.

Helen was one of the basket floor workers on the team being in the thick of the fight to get the ball so that either she or her partner could score. She was an ideal running mate to Captain Pumphrey and when the year closes all D. H. S. will join in saying that one of the best has played her last for our high school for much to our sorrow Helen is lost to us by graduation this year.

MISS STEPHENSON

Miss Stephenson came to us at the beginning of the school term last year. Although she was not known by a majority of the girls, she soon won the respect of all by her personality and feeling of comradeship toward them.

She has produced a successful basketball team and much credit is due her for the untiring efforts on her part in making a team that could demand the approval of all sport-fans.

GIRLS ATHLETICS

The basketball season opened with a bang in the fall of '25 with a fairly good bunch of material to select from.

The spirit was high and the excitement of the game put much enthusiasm and pep into the candidates. The squad, consisting of 12, was picked about a month after the season opened and from this squad were chosen the "regulars."

The girls had a very successful year and althought they lost to Auburn on both floors, they came through the rest of the season with flying colors. The team won from the Berne "Cassies" on Berne's floor for the first time in three years. It was a game worth remembering and was said to be the fastest game ever played between the two schools.

Four members of the team, Captain Pumphrey, Farr, Nichols, and H. Elzey will leave D. H. S. this year and their positions will be vacant for the oncomers. The material remaining in school promises high hope for the next year's team.

Credit is due Miss Stephenson for her efforts to make a winning team. She succeeded and we hope she will be with us next year.

Games played this season are as follows:

			Opp.	D. H.S.
1—Nov. 20	Kirkland	here	9	51
2—Nov. 27	Garrett	there	19	21
3—Dec. 4	Auburn	there	66	8
4—Dec. 18	Berne	here	30	31
5—Jan. 8	Auburn	here	37	23
6—Jan. 22	Lancaster	here	14	26
7—Jan. 29	Berne	there	30	31
8—Feb. 5	Garrett	here	13	24
9—Feb. 6	Van Wert	there	16	25
			234	240

YELL LEADERS

YELL LEADERS

Geraldine Hower Billy Bell

JERRY HOWER

Jerry tried out for yell leader at the beginning of school this year and went over big. She was elected by the student body and started her career as yell leader. Jerry was new at the game and is to be congratulated on her ability to keep the gang together as well as being able to yell, yourself.

We're picking a greater future for Jerry in her remaining years in high school.

BILLY BELL

Bill is one of the best yell leaders D. H. S. has ever had. He can put pep and snap into the "deadest yell."

He was re-elected to the position at the opening of the school year. Billy has won the respect of the student body by his striking personality and ability to revise old yells and make new ones. Billy is a Junior and with one more year left we're expecting the school spirit, under his leadership, to excell the preceeding years. Here's to you, Bill.

BASEBALL

Baseball enthusiasm took a flyer this spring with the appearance of some snappy Big League uniforms, and the renting of the Studebaker field.

Strickler, Moser, and Thomas are taking turns on the rubber, with Bebout, Brown, and Magley at the plate. Reynolds and Bockman are covering the first sack with marked ability, while Bleeke, Acker, and Bell guard second and third. Strickler or Moser take turns at shortstop. The field is well protected by Dierkes, Brown, Somers, and H. Zwick. Several recruits are training to fill the places that will be left vacant next year through the graduation of Moser, Strickler, Thomas, and Bockman. Among the most promising are Passwater, Lankenau, Engle, I. Reynolds, Beery, Suttles, Potts, Castle, Koos, and Schnepp.

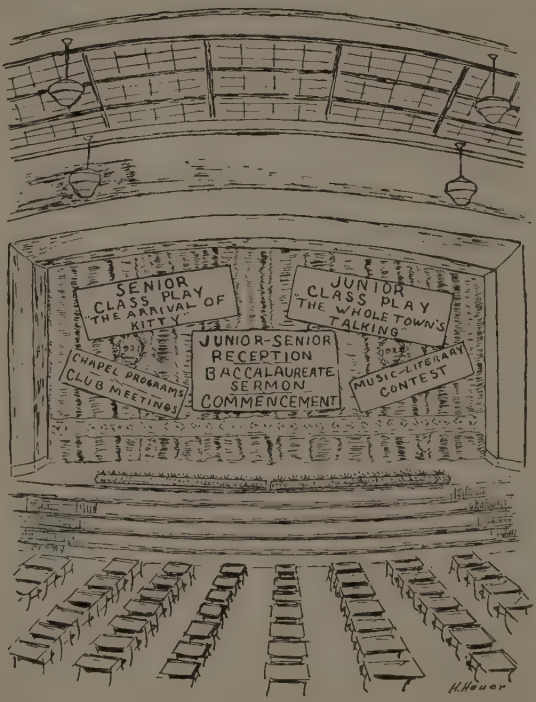
The baseball schedule is as follows:

April 16	Fort Wayne Central	Here
April 23	Berne	There
April 30	Berne	Here
May 1	Fort Wayne Central	There
May 7	Van Wert	Here
May 14	Van Wert	There
May 21	Bluffton	There
May 28	Bluffton	Here

Top Row: Bob Passwater, Herman Lankenau, Charles Brown, Gerald Koos, Arthur Suttles.
Bottom Row: Wilfred Bleeke, John Wilson Beery, Charles Magley, Dick Engle.

Top Row: Gerald Somers Bill Bell, Harold Zwick, Joe Bebout, Melvin Thomas, John Dierks, Robert Strickler.
Bottom Row: Roscoe Bockman, Audley Meser, Chester Reynolds.

LET'S HAVE YOUR FINGER PRINTS PLEASE!


SENIOR
CLASS PLAY
"THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"
JUNIOR
CLASS PLAY
"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"
JUNIOR-SENIOR
RECEPTION
BACCALAUREATE
SERMON
COMMENCEMENT
CHAPEL PROGRAMS
CLUB MEETINGS
MUSIC-LITERARY
CONTEST
H.Hauer

ACTIVITIES

CLUBS

COMMERCIAL CLUB

First Row: K. Runyon, W. Elzey, R. Hammond, B. Thornton, M. Hilton, A. Brown, D. Sovine, F. Krugh.

Second Row: G. Somers, E. Pumphrey, Helen Farr, E. Sparr, M. Haley, I. Smith, V. Nereiter, D. Peters, M. Moore, M. Marchand, B. Covault.

Third Row: R. Macklin, D. Foreman, M. Grant, G. Kocher, H. Dorwin, J. Beery, M. Butler, M. Farrar, M. Macy, M. Worthman, H. Elzey, E. Beery, E. Gage, B. McCrory, D. Le Brun.

Fourth Row: R. Zwick, S. Anderson, L. Ahr, R. Bockman, M. Staley, C. Hite, D. Johnson, H. Myers, H. Hener, R. Freitag, J. Bebout, R. Fowler, E. Sheets, B. Bell.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Clubs was re-organized on October 7, 1925, with seventy members. The officers elected for the new year were: President, Helen Farr; vice-president, Mabel Staley, and secrtary and treasurer, Monai Butler.

During the year the club held a box social in the old gymnasium. The money earned by the social was put into the treasury.

The Commercial Club sponsored and financed the district shorthand and typewriting contest at Fort Wayne. In this contest Doris Peters tied for second place in shorthand, and the shorthand and penmanship teams both took second place.

The Commercial Club also financed the entrance of Mildred and Myrtle Akey into the state tyepwriting contest at Muncie. In this contest Myrtle Akey took first place and Mildred Akey second.

LATIN CLUB

Top Row: D. Le Brun, B. Bell, G. Somers, E. Anderson, F. DeVor, D. Cramer, J. Schiefcrstein, D. Foreman, K. Runyon.
Third Row: Florine Michaud, Instructor; E. Sparr, E. Haugh, President; B. Erwin, M. Marchaun, M. Haley, M. Macy, L. Worthman, H. Haubold, D. Elzy, Miss Whalen.
Second Row: F. Krugh, K. Kauffman, M. Frisinger, H. Shroll, G. Hower, M. Mills, D. Yocum, S. Draper.
First Row: V. Thomas, V. Hite, G. Schafer, M. Grant, J. Beery, John DeVoss.

LATIN CLUB

Miss Michaud was the instructor of Latin this year which was the sixth year in the life of the Latin Club.

The first thing that we did was to completely reorganize the club. A committee drew up a constitution which was accepted by the members at the first meeting of the year. The following officers for this year were also elected then: President, Edna Haugk; vice-president, Martha Grant; secretary, Helen Haubold; treasurer, Gerald Somers, and custodian, John DeVoss.

An old debt of the club was paid off by the club this year. To secure the money to pay this debt we gave a benefit movie, "Bobbed Hair" with Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan. We not only made enough money to pay the debt but we also increased our budget somewhat.

With this extra money we sent contestants to Muncie to enter into the State Latin contest. Out of the four persons who entered, Mildred Marchand received the highest honor, that of third place with a grade of 91½%, just ½% lower than second place.

To be a member of the Latin Club the student must make a grade of B plus or above and he must be an upperclassman.

The purpose of the Latin Club is to create a new interest in the subject of Latin, and to give it a more permanent place in the hearts of the students of D. H. S.

FRENCH CLUB

The members of the beginning French class organized a club called "Le Cercle Francais." This club was organized at the beginning of the year with Graydon Dixon, president; Wanda Elzey, vice-president; Mildred Marchand, secretary; Violet Brickley, treasurer, and Gretchen Schafer, custodian.

This club has been a source of enjoyment to its members and many interesting things have been earned by attending it. This club is noted for its delicious dinners. The members entertained the members of the German class several times.

The requirements next year will be one year of French and an average of B-plus. The members together with the French teacher, Miss Michaud, are planning to make this club the best in D. H. S.

PROGRAM OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK

May 21 to 28, 1926.

Junior Reception.....Friday Evening May 21
Baccalaureate Service.....Sunday Evening May 23
At First M. E. Church, Sermon by Rev. H. W. Thompson.
Commencement.....Friday Evening May 28
Eight O'clock, High School Auditorium
Senior Reception Following Commencement Exercises

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Invocation.....Rev. C. R. Smith
Group of Songs.....Mrs. Cecile A. Moser
(a) What's in the Air Today.....Eden
(b) Starry Night.....Densmore
(c) The Valley of Laughter.....Sanderson
Commencement Address—"Three Strikes and Out"
Supt. H. A. Hartman, Sidney Public Schools, Sidney, Ohio
Group of Songs.....Mrs. Cecile A. Moser
(a) Open Secret.....Woodman
(b) Nocturne.....Densmore
(c) The Piper of Love.....Carew
Presentation of Graduating Class.....Principal W. J. Krick
Presentation of Diplomas.....Superintendent M. F. Worthman
Benediction.....Rev. O. E. Miller

MUSIC and DRAMATICS

BOYS GLEE CLUB

Top Row: Daniel Christen, B. Bell, M. Baker, M. Mount, E. Anderson, G. Dixon.
Middle Row: Ruth Cook, Instructor; E. Sheets, H. Martin, R. Acker, D. Johnson, R. Cole, H. Heuer, C. Krudart, Pianist.
Seated: J. Devoss, A. Suttles, H. Zwick, D. LeBrun, B. Covalt, G. Somers.

BOYS GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club was organized during the first semester, electing the following officers: Harry Heuer, president; Roscoe Bockman, vice-president; Harold Zwick, secretary and treasurer; Arthur Suttles, libraian; Charlotte Kudart, pianist; Kenneth Runyon, assistant pianist, and Miss Ruth Cook, directress.

The boys have practiced from once to twice a week, and have made good progress. They are as follows: Roscoe Bockman, Kenneth Runyon, Robert Macklin, Everett Sheets, Richard Castle, John DeVoss, Gerald Somers, Arthur Suttles, Harold Zwick, Harry Heuer, Clifford Mann, Billy Bell, Graydon Dixon, Miles Baker, Basil Covault, Robert Zwick, Robert Acker, Doyle Johnson, Harold Martin, Doyle Foreman, Robert Fowler, Robert Cole, Edward Anderson, Don LeBrun, Daniel Christen, Marker Mount.

GIRLS GLEE CLUB

Top Row: F. Anderson, R. Johnson, B. Baughman, Mary Noll, E. Haugh, H. Elzey, M. DeVor, I. Cloud.
Third Row: D. Smith, W. Elzy, F. Krugh, D. Spuller, D. Peters, M. Nelson, K. Nichols, H. Haubold, M. Mills, Ruth Cook, Instructor.
Second Row: J. Anderson, I. Fisher, E. Gotshall, A. Dierks, H. Shroll, K. Kauffman, V. Hite, M. Hower.
First Row: V. Squire, G. Andrews, M. Ruckman, M. Moore.

GIRLS GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club was organized during the first semester, and have been holding their practice periods from one to two days a week. They have learned several songs, two of which they sang for Miss Cook's chapel.

The girls have worked faithfully, and should be complimented for their progress.

The officers are: Jo Anderson, president; Ireta Fisher, vice-president; Etola Gattschall, secretary and treasurer; Mildred Worthman, librarian; Charlotte Kudart, pianist, and Miss Ruth Cook, directress.

The members are as follows: Doris R. Peters, Josephine Anderson, Ruth Johnson, Geraldine Andrews, Mable Ruckman, Faye Krugh, Violet Gilbert, Edna Haugh, Jeanette Beery, Katherine Nichols, Isabelle Cloud, Mary Macy, Margaret Mills, Charlotte Kudart, Margaret Moore, Geraldine Hower, Marcella Nelson, Virginia Hite, Helen Haubold, Herretta Elzey, Dorothy Spuller, Etola Gottshall, Osia Smith, Violet Neireiter, Violet Squires, Pauline Niblick, Florence Anderson, Mildred Worthman, Ireta Fisher, Mary Noll, Helen Shroll, Katherine Kauffman, Ethel Emerick, Bertha Baughman, M. Jane DeVor, Wanda Elzey, Anna Dierkes.

GIRLS' QUARTETTE

Top Row: J. Anderson, F. Anderson, B. Erwin, I. Fisher.
Lower Row: Ruth Cook, Instructor; H. Haubold, Pianist.

GIRLS QUARTETTE

Josephine Anderson, Florence Anderson, Ireta Fisher, and Betty Erwin were the girls in this year's quartette. The girls have shown their ability to good advantage this year. They sang in the Musical-Literary Contest, and also sang for chapel several times. The girls are good singers, and should be complimented for their success.

ORCHESTRA

The D. H. S. Orchestra was not organized until during the second semester. Nearly all of the players were underclassmen, and had never played in an orchestra before. Miss Cook began at the very beginning, and the orchestra has done nicely. There is a nucleus for a very good orchestra for next year.

The officers are: President, Lloyd Ahr; vice-president, Marcella Nelson; secretary and treasurer, Vere Welker; librarian, Edward Anderson, and directress, Miss Cook.

The members of the orchestra are: Charlotte Kudart, Doris Peters, Erma Gage, Lyle Mallonee, Marker Mount, Harry Dailey, Marcella Nelson, Lloyd Ahr, Lillian Worthman, Violet Squires, Mildred Worthman, Gordon Teeter, Edward Anderson, and Richard Castle.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY CAST

Standing: Helen Farr, Eleanore Pumphrey, Don LeBrun, Robert Macklin.
Seated: Robert Zwick, Melvin Thomas, Gretchen Kocher, Doyle Johnson, Katherine Nichols.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

"THE ARRIVAL OF KITTY"

The Senior Class Play! Mere words fail to depict the great success of this great farce, "The Arrival of Kitty," given at the Decatur High School Auditorium, February 2 and 3. One can only resort to this common phrase, "It was wonderful."

The scene was laid in the office and temporary dining room of the Halcyon House, a hotel, situated in a beautiful part of the Catskill Mountains. Ting, a small bell-boy, and Sam, a colored porter, were discovered asleep. Ting was awakened by Sam and given a letter from Calvin Pickwater, the owner of the hotel. Ting was appointed manager of the hotel during the owner's absence. He also was given orders to preserve the "Tranquility" which was their chief asset. Word was received from William Winkler that he would arrive at noon with two ladies, maid, and a dog.

In order that Ting would look more business-like, he changed clothes with Sam. Sam was appointed his assistant.

Bobbie Baxter, a clean-cut and good looking chap of twenty-two, was in love with Jane, but her uncle, William Winkler, acting as guardian, objected to Bobbie, and when he saw that Bobbie was making progress he would take her away. Bobbie Baxter was at the Halcyon House when Winkler arrived, but that was unknown to Winkler. After William Winkler, Aunt Jane, sister of William, and Jane, their niece, Aunt Jane's maid, Suzette, arrived at the hotel and were treated with great respect.

Aunt Jane, a typical old maid of fifty, was very homely. She was very ludicrously dressed in outrageous styles and colors. Her great aversion for the stage and liquor made Winkler very uncomfortable at times, because he was in love with Kitty Benders, an actress of New York City. He also like his liquor and we kept busy deceiving Aunt Jane He was very enthusiastic over Jane's marriage. In her father's will he willed her ten thousand dollars on her wedding day provided she would marry Benjamin Moore, a very small insignificant person of a very nervous temperament, before six o'clock that day. A cablegram was sent to Moore asking him to come at once. Arrangements were also made for an immediate marriage. Aunt Jane, realizing she was too old to find a husband for herself she offered William ten thousand dollars on her wedding day providing he would find her a husband. Winkler tried his best to find a man willing to marry her and with the aid of Fing he finally succeeded in calling the Matrimonial Bureau and left word to send a good looking man at once.

William Winkler received a special delivery from Kitty Benders, stating she would arrive soon to see him. She also inclosed a photograph of herself. Winkler became very much alarmed at this because he knew that Aunt Jane would not give him the ten thousand dollars if she found out he had been deceiving her. He wrote to Kitty at once telling her not to come and that he would explain later. In the meantime Fing came in and removed the photo and letter from the table and gave them to Bobbie Baxter. Bobbie thought this would be a great scheme to get Winkler's consent to marry Jane. Winkler told Jane the letter belonked to Bobbie, and this caused Jane to dislike Bobbie. Then she wanted to marry Benjamin Moore. In the meantime Moore arrives, and not knowing who he was, Winkler later discovered. Jane became very angry with him for deceiving her. Then Kitty arrived from New York and settled many difficulties. Jane became very angry and disgusted with Kitty and thought she was not the real Kitty Benders but Bobby trying to deceive her again. Kitty caused Winkler much trouble keeping her away from Aunt Jane. In order to get rid of Kitty he locked her in his room until Aunt Jane had gone. This made Kitty very angry. Jane releases her and insulted her by telling her to take off her wig.

Bobby, disguised as Kitty, fell in love with Benjamin Moore and asked Benjamin to write a letter to Winkler telling him he could not marry Jane for he loved another. The letter was written and sent to Winkler. Aunt Jane received a letter from Moore written to Jane and this increasss her love for Benjamin Moore, thinking he meant ti for her. Kitty then proved that Bobbie Baxter was disguised as her.

Benjamin Moore told Winkler he was engaged to Kitty, the real Kitty Benders proved that it was only Bobbie Baxter that had accepted him. Kitty Benders asked Moore if he would agree to marry Aunt Jane if he would refuse to marry her double and of course Moore couldn't marry Aunt Jane. After Moore agreed, things looked brighter for Bobbie and Jane. Winkler was overjoyed with his success for he had won twenty thousand dollars and Kitty. The downhearted bridegroom, Moore, and his overjoyed bride, Aunt Jane, came marching in and a clergyman for six was ordered.

The following are those who made up the cast:

William Winkler.....Robert Macklin
Aunt Jane, his sister.....Eleanor Pumphrey
Jane, his niece.....Gretchen Kocher
Bobbie Baxter.....Doyle Johnson
Benjamin Moore.....Don LeBrun
Ting, a bell boy.....Robert Zwick
Sam, a colored partner.....Melvin Thomas
Kitty Benders, an actress.....Kathryne Nichols
Suzette, Aunt Jane's maid.....Helen Farr

—(Kathryne Nichols)

JUNIOR CLASS PLAY

"THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING"

There was much commotion in the Simmons home when their beautiful daughter, Ethel, arrived home from Chicago with Roger Shields, one of her suitors. Roger Shields was a man with French manners who pleased Mrs. Simmons very much but absolutely disguested Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Simmons had his own ideas of Ethel's future. He wanted Chester Binney, his unattractive partner, to be his son-in-law. He told Chester of his wish and at the first opportunity Chester proposed to Ethel.

She refused him and gave as her reason that he had never had any other love affairs. This astonished Chester very much so he told Mr. Simmons. Mr. Simmons would not accept defeat so easily so he sent Chester to the drug store to buy some photographs.

Out of the group Chester brought with him the one of Letty Lythe, a movie queen, was selected. Mr. Simmons wrote a personal autograph on the back of it and signed Letty's name to it.

Mrs. Simmons came in and found the picture lying on the floor. She read the autograph and demanded an explanation. Mr. Simmons spoke up quickly and told of Chester's love affair with Letty when he had gone to Los Angeles for the firm a few years ago. He emphasized the fact that the affair had been quite serious but that Chester's extreme modesty prevented him from telling them long ago.

Mrs. Simmons could hardly wait until she had an opportunity to tell Ethel and her friends, Sally Otis and Lela Willson, and in fact, the whole town all about it.

As soon as Ethel learned that Chester had had other love affairs she repented for having refused to marry him. As soon as she found him she told him that if he still wanted her she would marry him.

Of course the fact that Ethel Simmons was engaged to Chester Binney, who had had a love affair with Letty Lythe, gave the town of Decatur very much to talk about.

It happened that at that particular time the Adams Theatre was showing "The Fight In The Dark" with Letty Lythe. Everybody wanted to see Letty Lythe, Chester Binney's old sweetheart. Her picture was received so well for its first showing that it was kept over for the following week. A great surprise was in store for the citizens of Decatur—Letty Lythe would appear in person with her picture. This was a terrible surprise for poor Chester because he felt sure that he would be found out.

The day of Letty's arrival came. The people were excited and thronged to the station to welcome her. As she and her prize-fighter lover arrived they received the most hearty welcome they had ever received.

Meanwhile Mr. Simmons was telling his wife that he had an important business engagement with Mr. Donald Swift that night. An account of the previous lies he had told her, Mr. Simmons did not believe him but when he said that Donald Swift was staying at the hotel she called at once. Much to her astonishment she found that there really was a man by the name of Swift staying there so as he was out she left her address.

Later on Donald Swift came to see what Mr. Simmons had wanted with him. He

found the piano and the tables strewn with his sweetheart, Letty Lythe's pictures. Then he found the autographed one and read of the "happy, hectic, Hollywood hours." Jealousy was one of Donald' scharacteristics and it was certainly manifested when he read and re-read the autograph. He called Letty and asked her to come down at once.

Roger Shields met Letty as she arrived and told her about her love affair with Chester. Letty decided to pretend it was all true so Donald would get jealous.

Letty entered the room where Donald and Chester were with the Simmons family. She ran and clasped her arms around her darling Chester. Donald and Ethel were astonished and jealous.

When Letty left, Ethel broke her engagement with Chester. Poor Mr. Simmons received all of the blame for the trouble Chester was having. Donald had informed Chester that he was going to "beat him up" and Chester was afraid he might do it. So Mr. Simmons secured Shield's promise not to let Donald hurt Chester.

In spite of Shield's precaution Donald and Chester met. Chester requested that they have a fight in the dark as the one was in Letty's picture. Donald consented to this and the lights went out. Just then Shields entered and a terrible battle followed between the two friends, Shields and Swift. The noise they made summoned the rest of the family. When they turned the lights on Roger and Donald were wearing black eyes and Chester was hanging on the chandlier. He got down just in time to make Ethel believe he had "laid the other two out."

Letty ran to Donald and they became on friendly terms again. Chester and Ethel renewed their engagement and even Mr. and Mrs. Simmons became happy once more.

—Mary K. Schug.

CHAPEL CALENDAR

September 11, 1925. Mr. Worthman spoke. The main object was to tell us the new system of grading, and to keep up the school spirit.

October 9, 1925. Mildred Akey played a piano solo. Mary Jane DeVor gave a reading entitled "Entertainin' Bell's Beau." Chapel ended with a rousing pep session.

October 16, 1925. A very snappy pep session.

November, 1925. Mr. Anderson's typing classes demonstrated the typing lesson. Mildred and Myrtle Akey typed for us, the former making 87 words a minute and the latter making 92 words per minute.

December, 1925. Reverend Covert spoke to us on the subject "Where God is it is Heaven."

January 15, 1926. Mr. Worthman spoke to us, naming the requirements of various colleges.

January 29, 1926. Reverend Loose spoke to us, the main theme being "Thankfulness."

February 12, 1926. Miss Anderson had charge of chapel. Miss Angie Firks and Mrs. Carrie Haubold played a piano duet. Also Mrs. Cecil Moser sang a group of songs.

February 19, 1926. Mr. Ralph Tyndall conducted chapel. Mrs. Dan Tyndall sang a group of songs.

February 26, 1926. Reverend Fledderjohann spoke on Paul's life and Paul's writings.

March 12, 1926. Miss May conducted chapel. Mr. Martin spoke.

March 19, 1926. Mr. Marshall's physics classes gave experiments to illustrate the study of physics.

March 26, 1926. Reverend Miller, of the Baptist church, spoke on the book of Psalms.

April 2, 1926. Miss Michaud had charge of chapel. She had pupils to give a play entitled "The Latin Magazine."

April 9, 1926. Doris Peters gave an oration entitled "Our Constitution," and Josephine Anderson sang.

April 16, 1926. Miss Whalen had pupils from her public speaking classes, some gave readings, others gave orations, and still some gave extemporaneous speeches.

April 23, 1926. Mr. Gibson conducted the chapel exercises.

April 30, 1926. Reverend Wisner addressed us.

May 7, 1926. Miss Frisinger had charge of the chapel.

May 14, 1926. Miss Cook arranged the chapel program.

May 21, 1926. Miss Stevenson and Mr. Kennedy were in charge of the chapel program.

EXCHANGE LIST

Mansfield, Ohio.
Butler, Ind. (The Fortnite).
Manual Arts, Los Angeels, Calif. (The Manual Art Weekly)
Morton High, Richmond, Ind.
Central High, North Manchester, Indiana.
Mishawaka, Ind. (The Alltold).
Chatfield, Minn.
Marion, Ind. (The Survey).
Central High, Fort Wayne, Ind. (The Spotlight).
South Side, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Wabash, Ind.
Daytonia Beach, Florida.
Hartford City, Ind.
Eugene, Oregon.
Asthlabula, Ohio.
Zionsville, Ind.
Huntington, Ind. (The Schoolworld)
Auburn, Ind. (The Chatterbox).
Salem, Oregon.
Willow Lakes, South Dakota. (The Broadcaster).
Portland, Ind. (The Booster).
Valley City, N. D.
Virginia City, Montana.
Crawfordsville, Ind.
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Van Buren, Ind.
Bluffton, Ind.
Delaware, Ohio.
Penville, Ind.
Sturgis, Mich.
Goshen, Ind.

—By Doyle Johnson,
Exchange Editor.

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R. Bockman—No, I broke my arm.

Helen Farr—How came you to call Bob, pilgrim?

Gretchen K.—Cause every time he comes he makes more progress.

M. Haley—I've been told that the expression on a girl's face shows how her partner dances.

B. Fowler—Won't you please quit frowning.

Miss Myers—I lost twenty pounds while I was in England.

Miss Cook—How much is that in American money?

"This is the tie that binds," said the goat as he ate the cravat.

And as another special feature, we will yodel that quaint old ballard entitled, "I Call My Girl Radiolite Because She Shines In the Dark."

We admire pure grit and all that, but we're darned if we like it in our spinach.

Joe Bebout—What do you do with your pants when you wear them out?

Bob Macklin—Wear them back home again, of course.

Betty Erwin—A freight elevator isn't a very inspiring sight, is it?

Doc. Somers—No, but it's uplifting.

Margaret F.—And did you let him kiss you?

Betty E.—Let him? I had to help him.

Doris P.—I hate you, and besides, you're lantern-jawed.

R. Bockman—You're not so dim yourself, your nose shines.

Bertha Baughman—What's the End of a Perfect Day?

R. Johnson—Night.

Almond eyes do not always denote a nut.

The editor wonders if a dogma is a mamma dog.

Co-operation is what gives a kiss its strength.

Nature Note

The possum is a small fur-bearing animal found in America. The o'possum is the Irish species of the same family.

Our idea of the height of daintiness is the demure lassie who cuts her chewing tobacco off the plug with pocket scissors.

Here's the latest absent minded joke. This guy said good morning to the time clock and punched the boss.

Our idea of the meanest man in the world is the guy that proposed to the old maid over the telephone and when she accepted told her he had the wrong number.

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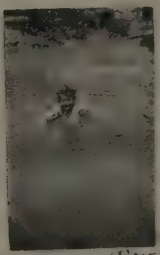

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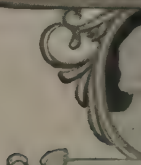

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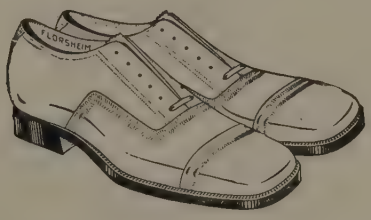

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INTERESTING FACTS

Joke writer—What would you say if I kissed you?

Jokester's girl—I make no statements for publication.

The dentist is the only one that can tell a woman when to open and shut her mouth, and get away with it.

(1)—Being shot at sunrise is a great thing if you can afford it.

(2)—A telephone pole never hits an auto expert in self-defense.

We are looking for the bimbo who has proposed to so many women that he feels like the inquiring reporter.

Dry your tears little girl. Use Portland cement.

He expected the wurst, but it was only a hot dog.

L. Worthman—I found a needle.

Dixson—Now find a haystack and we'll have some fun.

Hub. Myers—What would you say if I kissed you?

J. Anderson—At last!

Schug—I don't think Chopin has good technique.

Engle—I don't really know I have never been out with him.

You may be a boon to your mother but you're just a baboon to me.

Whitey Covault is so dumb he thinks Swift Packing Co., is a rapid transit concern.

Porky Z.—How's the car running.

Bill—Tirelessly.

Schaffer—Don't you ever speak of love?

Bill—Er, yes, lovely weather, isn't it?

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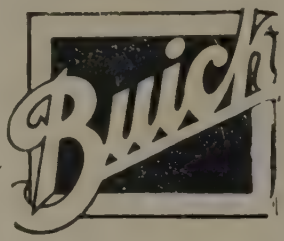

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Compare unit for unit of automobiles, and you will readily see the difference.

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Buick

Sales and Service

Health Note

An epidemic of mumps has made Decatur a swell village.

Our editor says—"A one girl man today is as hard to find as it is for a fish to find a dry place to sit."

Fee—What do you think of the girl?

DeVor—She's so dumb she thinks a city slicker is a down-town raincoat.

He had spoken to Eleanor on the street and she was properly insulted.

Eleanor—"I don't know you from Adam."

He—"You ought to I am dressed different."

Killed by surprise
Was Frederick Goop
He found some chicken
In his chicken soup.

The Ravelings staff will sing, "I Married a Shoemaker's Daughter and I Love Her With Awl My Sole."

Two in company; three in a modern movie.

Height of Imagination.

Muzzle on a Hot Dog.

M. Butler—Do you know the difference between a parlor and a bathtub?

B. Macklin—No.

M. B.—Then I won't invite you to my house.

"The dirty dog," cried Moser, as his wiene sandwich fell into the mud.

Gretchen S.—I wonder why all these men are crazy to date me?

Helen D.—You can't imagine any sane man doing it, can you?

Miss Anderson—Melvin, use the word ammonia in a sentence.

M. Thomas—Ammonia your trial, muttered Sherlock Holmes, the detective.

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DECATUR, INDIANA

LeBrun—I suppose you signed up with the Standard Oil Company, didn't you?

D. Johnson—No.

LeBrun — S'funny. I thought they were gathering up all the oil cans.

Anderson—Whatcha been doing this summer?

Suttles—Not a thing.

Anderson—Who ya working for, then?

I heard Bebout just cleaned up.

What in?

Washroom.

Frosh—Who was Apollo?

Wise Soph—He was the Paul Whitman of the old ages.

A freshman rises to inquire why when a man who is out for the sprints is called a sprinter; a man out for track isn't called a tractor.

Fair Visitor—I bet you're on the football team.

Bockman (proudly) — Well, yes, I do the arial work.

F. Visitor—What is that?

Bockman—I blow up the football.

Schug—Charles is rather heavy on his feet when he dances.

Grant—Is he really? Rather a Charleston, what?

No, Basil, firecrackers are not Uneeda Crackers.

No chewing allowed.

"Not so hot," said Strickler, as he put down his cup of coffee.

K. Runyon—Why didn't Zwick cry out when he sat on the hornet.

B. Frisinger—He felt it beneath him.

M. Nelson still wonders why there is no noise when theories are exploded.

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That practical joke about looking upward

You can't help yourself. If you see someone standing still in the street, looking upward, you bend your neck backward. You want to see too. You want to know what's going on.

That instinct is perhaps the main reason for newspapers. So you can know what's going on. Going on among your neighbors, among the people in the next state, in other lands. You want to know the news.

And that's what advertising is for, too. So you can know what's going on. So you can know the news about styles in clothing, about theories in foods, about the latest improvements in radio amplifiers or automobile engines or face creams. News! You want to read the

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H. Owens—Do you like Swiss yodeling?

M. Moore—No, I think the Irish make the prettier laces.

Mann—Does your dog chase cows?

Ellsworth No, he's a bulldog.

Mr. Johnson—My son is going to be another Edison.

Second Pa—How is that?

Mr. Johnson—He only sleeps four hours a night.

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and Auto Storage

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Poom

Poor wee little flower,
Coyly poking your head up through
the fertilizer,
How I envy you.

A man struck a match to see if his gas tank was empty. It wasn't.

A man patted a strange bulldog on the head to see if it was affectionate. It wasn't.

A man speeded up to see if he could beat the train to the crossing. He didn't.

A man touched a trolley wire to see if it was charged. It was.

H. Myers—Are you driving your car on last year's license?

B. Frietag—No, you saphead, on gasoline.

Bob Frietag—See, I can drive with my knees.

Mary Macy (Pause) — Well, don't you know any other tricks?

M. Grant—Tell me what you think of me.

G. Dixon—I can't put it in words.

M. Grant—Oh! you insulting thing.

M. K. Schug—You know I dreamt last night that you were dancing with me.

D. Johnson—Really? On what?

M. K. Schug—I woke up and found my little brother pounding my toes with a hammer.

Guest—I can tell you, Mrs. Kudart, I don't often get as good a meal as this.

Theo. Kudart—Neither do I, mister.

H. Farr—Catchy music, isn't it?

Teeters—It ought to be with all of those traps.

Strickler says: Being shooed away is no joke when her father wears number elevens.

Strick.—Eligible for baseball?

Moser—No, I played marbles for Sups.

Mr. Krick (to Covault)—Why are you so far behind in your studies?

Covault—So I can pursue them better.

Adam made a world's record that will never be broken. He came in first in the human race.

Whitey C.—Shay you look like the deuce.

R. Acker—Hazzat?

W. C—There's two of you.

No, William B., Pyorrhea is not the name of a pullman coach.

H. Martin—Why does a chicken cross the road?

E. Spahr — Because she doesn't know her eggs.

H. M.—Ah, so that's the lay of the land.

Customer—Waiter there is a fly in by ice cream.

D. Johnson—Let him freeze and teach him a lesson, he was in the soup last night.

Which brings us back to that old German cradle song, "All the Sausages were bad, but Wienie was the Wurst."

Applesauce

D. LeBrun—Fair one, you are the inspiration of my best compositions.

Fair Rib—And what do you write, my hero?

D. LeBrun—Jokes.

M. Grant—Let's go to a show.

M. K. Schug—What's on?

M. G.—The Twelfth Night.

M. K. S.—Naw, I'm tired of Elinor Glyn.

Mr. Krick (holding excuse)—Then this signature is a forgery?

C. Hite—Well I copied it as close as I could.

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THE CORT THEATRE

Always The Latest in Pictures Shown Here

"NUFF SAID"

(1) A blotter is the thing you spend your time looking for while the ink is drying.

(2) Chapel Speaker — There are no more enterprising young men. Why, I remember when it was a common thing for a young man to start out as a clerk and in a few years own the business.

Whitey Covault—Yes, but cash registers have been invented since that time.

(3) 1st Fresh—I hear Acker took a walk in the woods last night to sober up.

2nd Fresh—Yes, and after bumping into a half a dozen trees he sat down to let the procession go by.

(4) "Doc" Sumers—When is your birthday Kerby? I want to buy you a present.

M. K. Baker—You're way late, boy, way late. I was born years ago.

(5) Dorwin (very coily) — Oh! Hello—

Bebout—Hello. How's my girl today?

She (enthusiastically) — Oh, just fine.

He (brutally)—How do you know?

(6)—Your son must be the idol of the family.

Mr. Raymond—Yes, he has been idle for 18 years.

(7) They stood together on a brink of a precipice. The roar of the angry waters below them was softened to a whisper—So high were they above the rushing course.

Standing silhouetted against the moonlight of the sweet scented sky—oblivious to the beauty around them, they were conscious of only one thing. The ecstasy of each other's nearness.

She knew he was going to kiss her and trembled in expectancy.

She clung to him with that close affection of a sardine for its mate. her face lifted, her eyes closed. She knew he was looking at her.

She waited.

"Dear," he said.

She waited.

"Dear," he continued, "Your nose shines."

She kicked off her shoes and leaped into the abyss.

Finis